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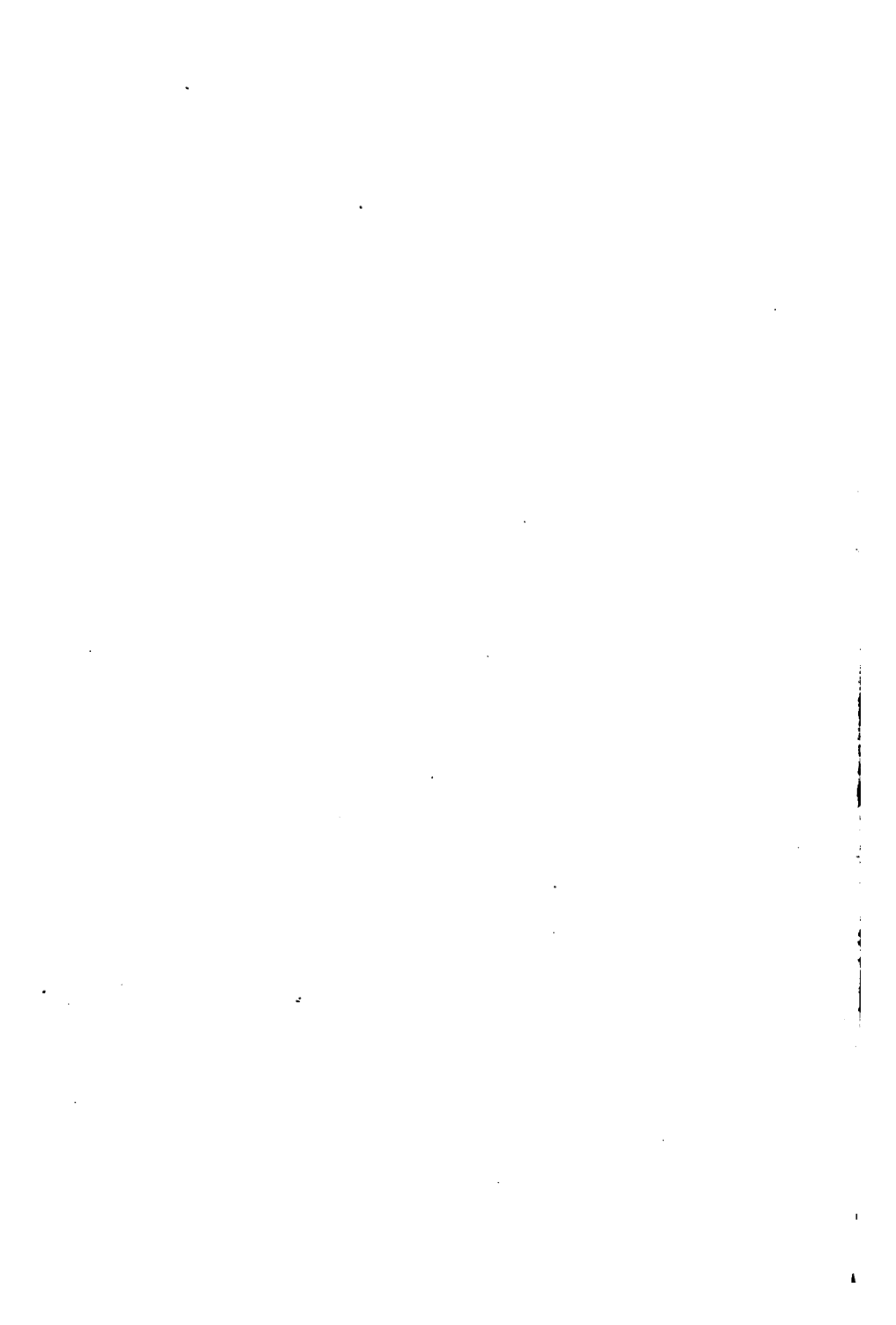


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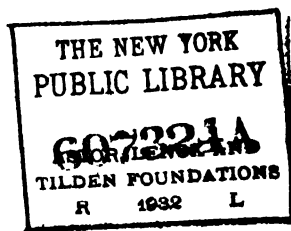
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## Preface.

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The futility of making a collection of Favorite American Poems will be as clear to the reader as it has been to the editor, if the title is to imply any assumption of authority.

Even with a perfect literary judgment the line would be a difficult one to draw. Poems destitute of literary merit are sometimes too popular to be omitted from such an anthology. Time, circumstance, and association combine to give them a permanent place in the literature of a land.

Apart from that, "Hail Columbia" would hardly outlive the poets' column of a country newspaper. And so a collection like this can claim to be no more than a collection of those poems which every one knows, and a few more which the editor hopes that some would like to know and keep.

The editor is indebted to Chas. Scribner's Sons for permission to use poems by H. C. Bunner, Anne Reeve Aldrich, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Sidney Lanier, and Eugene Field; to the Youth's Com-

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The editor gratefully acknowledges the kindness and courtesy of the authors who have permitted him to use their poems.



# A TREASURY OF AMERICAN VERSE.

---

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where :  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight,  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight, so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,  
I found the arrow still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## THE SONNET.

WHAT is a sonnet ? 'Tis the pearly shell  
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea ;  
A precious jewel carved most curiously ;  
It is a little picture painted well.  
What is a sonnet ? 'Tis the tear that fell  
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy ;  
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me !  
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.  
This was the flame that shook with Dante's  
breath ;  
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,  
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow  
falls ;  
A sea this is—beware who ventureth !  
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid  
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

## AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

HE spoke of Burns : men rude and rough  
Press'd round to hear the praise of one  
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,  
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,  
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,

---

His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned  
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,  
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,  
As if in him who read they felt and saw  
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong  
And slavish tyranny to see,  
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong  
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence  
Promptings their former life above,  
And something of a finer reverence  
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,  
Freely among his children all,  
And always hearts are lying open wide,  
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds  
Of a more true and open life,  
Which burst, unlook'd-for, into high-soul'd deeds  
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours  
Some wild germs of a higher birth,

Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers  
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie  
These promises of wider bliss,  
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,  
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic  
In life or death, since time began,  
Is native in the simple heart of all,  
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,  
Great deeds and feelings find a home,  
That cast in shadow all the golden lore  
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man,  
Where'er thou art, in low or high,  
Thy skyey arches with exulting span  
O'er-roof infinity !

All thoughts that mould the age begin  
Deep down within the primitive soul,  
And from the many slowly upward win  
To one who grasps the whole :

In his broad breast the feeling deep  
That struggled on the many's tongue,  
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap  
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

---

All thought begins in feeling,—wide  
In the great mass its base is hid,  
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,  
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems  
That every hope, which rises and grows broad  
In the world's heart, by order'd impulse streams  
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes : in common souls  
Hope is but vague and undefined,  
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls  
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear  
So full of heaven to me, as when  
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear  
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three  
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight  
Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak  
One simple word, which now and then  
Shall waken their free nature in the weak  
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or line,  
Which, seeking not the praise of art,

Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine  
In the untutor'd heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,  
May be forgotten in his day,  
But surely shall be crown'd at last with those  
Who live and speak for aye.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ON A FLY-LEAF OF A BOOK OF OLD  
PLAYS.

AT Cato's Head in Russel Street  
These leaves she sat a-stitching ;  
I fancy she was trim and neat,  
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her on the street below,  
All powder, ruffs, and laces,  
There strutted idle London beaux  
To ogle pretty faces ;

While, filling many a Sedan chair  
With monstrous hoop and feather,  
In paint and powder London's fair  
Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison, and Pope, mayhap  
They sauntered slowly past her,  
Or printer's boy, with gown and cap  
For Steele, went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look ;  
Nor lord nor lady minding,  
She bent her head above this book,  
Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,  
Caught on her nimble fingers,  
Was stitched within this volume, where  
Until to-day it lingers.

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair,  
Wigs, powder, all outdated ;  
A queer antique, the Sedan chair,  
Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet as I turn these odd, old plays,  
This single stray lock finding,  
I'm back in those forgotten days  
And watch her at her binding.

WALTER LEARNED.

### THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,  
And mourning mingles with their fountain's song ;  
Shepherds contend no more, as all day long  
They watch their sheep on the wide cyprus-plain ;

The master-voice is silent, songs are vain ;  
    Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,  
    Done by the gods when gods and men were  
        strong,  
Chanted to reeded pipes, no prize can gain :  
O sweetest singer of the olden days,  
    In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead ;  
    The gods are gone, but poets never die ;  
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,  
    Sicilian nightingales enraptured  
        Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the  
        sky.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

#### IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE—in desolate wind-swept space—  
    In Twilight-land—in No-man's-land—  
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,  
    And bade each other stand.  
“ And who are you ? ” cried one, agape,  
    Shuddering in the gloaming light.  
“ I know not,” said the second Shape,  
    “ I only died last night ! ”

T. B. ALDRICH.

#### LIFE.

AN infant on its mother's breast—  
    A bouncing boy at play—  
A youth by maiden fair caress'd—  
    An old man silver gray—



Is all of life we know :  
A joy—a fear—  
A smile—a tear—  
And all is o'er below !

RICHARD COE, JR.

STANZAS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech ;  
Feeling deeper than all thought :  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils :  
Man by man was never seen :  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known :  
Mind with mind did never meet :  
We are columns left alone,  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart, though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie ;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer-stream ?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love  
Melts the scatter'd stars of thought,  
Only when we live above  
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed  
By the Fount that gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led  
Which they never drew from earth ;

We, like parted drops of rain,  
Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorb'd again,  
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

#### A DEAD FRIEND.

THIS dead man, soon to seek oblivious earth,  
Was loyally my friend, and loved me well.  
For him no shadow of blame that could repel  
His reverence, in my honored life had birth.  
Like some famed knight, admired for brawn and  
girth

By the young warrior eager to excel,  
Ideal in his fond heart I seemed to dwell,  
The exemplar and high paragon of worth !

Now sternly, while I linger where he lies,  
A burdening shame upon my bosom weighs. . .

Perchance he watches me in calm surprise,  
Far from the turmoil of terrestrial days,—  
Perchance he looks my soul through, with the  
gaze  
Of supernatural and clairvoyant eyes !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

### LONELINESS.

IN moods of transient mournfulness  
With morbid meaning rife,  
Sometimes we prate of solitude,—  
The loneliness of life.  
But could we follow silently  
A single dying breath,  
How quickly we would understand  
The loneliness of death.

W. H. HAYNE.

### EXAMPLE.

"The highest path is pointed out by the pure ideal of those  
who look up to us."

CARELESS I climbed that path, and just behind  
My weaker brother came with halting tread,  
And yet with confidence that where I led  
He would be safe to follow ; but I, blind,  
Leading the blind, strayed from the way and fell,  
And bore him with me in my swift descent.  
"O Justice ! sometimes kind, thou knowest well  
The fault was mine,—mine be the punishment."

"Nay," spake her awful voice. "Alone, alone,  
Without thine aid, he shall be called to stand  
Before my bar; but thou, who dragged'st him  
down,

Upon thy brow, shall wear a double brand,  
And thy weak soul, trembling beneath my frown,  
Shall answer for his sins, and for thine own!"

ANNIE D. HANES.

#### FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,  
And speak in different tongues, and have no  
thought

Each of the other's being, and no heed;  
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands  
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,  
And all unconsciously shape every act  
And bend each wandering step to this one end—  
That one day, out of darkness they shall meet  
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life  
So nearly, side by side, that should one turn  
Ever so little space to left or right,  
They need must stand acknowledged face to face  
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet.  
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips  
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,  
They seek each other all their weary days,  
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

SUSAN MARR SPAULDING.

PERPETUITY.

LAST night a mighty poet passed away :  
    " Who now will sing our songs ? " men cried  
        at noon  
Faint hearts, fear not ! Somewhere, though far  
        away,  
At that same hour another bard was born.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

ILLUSIONS.

Go stand at night upon an ocean craft,  
And watch the folds of its imperial train  
Catching in fleecy foam a thousand glows—  
A miracle of fire unquenched by sea.  
There in bewildering turbulence of change  
Whirls the whole firmament, till as you gaze,  
All else unseen, it is as heaven itself  
Had lost its poise, and each unanchored star  
In phantom haste flees to the horizon lines.

What dupes we are of the deceiving eye !  
How many a light men wonderingly acclaim  
Is but the phosphor of the path Life makes  
With its own motion, while above, forgot,  
Sweep on serene the old unenvious stars !

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist :  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gush'd from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice ;  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be fill'd with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
     And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
     Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### THE NIGHT IS STILL.

THE night is still, the moon looks kind,  
     The dew hangs jewels in the heath,  
 An ivy climbs across thy blind  
     And throws a light and misty wreath.

The dew hangs jewels in the heath,  
     Buds bloom for which the bee has pined ;  
 I haste along, I quicker breathe,  
     The night is still, the moon looks kind.

Buds bloom for which the bee has pined,  
     The primrose slips its jealous sheath,  
 As up the flower-watched path I wind  
     And come thy window-ledge beneath.



The primrose slips its jealous sheath,—  
Then open wide that churlish blind,  
And kiss me through the ivy wreath !  
The night is still, the moon looks kind.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

### SLEEP.

WHEN to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,  
And in a dream as in a fairy bark  
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark  
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay  
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.  
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark  
So high in heaven no human eye can mark  
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.  
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,  
The resting heart shall not take up again  
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed ;  
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,  
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.  
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed ?

T. B. ALDRICH.

### UNREST.

FROM a vision of fright,  
I woke in the night,  
And lay listened long ;  
But I only heard the crowing cock,  
And the hollow stroke of the midnight clock,  
And the sleepers breathing strong.

Whether it was the witching time,  
Or something recently read  
Of a horrible novelty of crime,  
And the number of men found dead—  
I shuddered, I shook at the noise of a mouse,  
And could not close my weary eyes,  
But I seemed to hear the muffled cries  
Of murder, in the house!

I drew the casement curtain aside,  
And gazed on the midnight heaven—  
On the myriad systems sprinkled wide,  
And the sisterly Pleiades seven—  
Luminous over the beautiful sea,  
Looking like souls that were just forgiven,  
And smilingly chiding me!  
"Ah fool! ah, weak of faith," I said,  
"The angels are watching thee overhead;  
And however men pass the day or night,  
By the Merciful One all is ordered aright!"

HENRY S. CORNWELL.

#### THE BURDEN OF NIGHT.

How dark it grows! The griev'd light of day  
Down the horizon takes its way,  
Yet leaves upon the jagged mountain's crust  
A half-burned ember glimmering in the West;—  
As some vast army, moving in the night,  
Should leave its smouldering camp-fires still alight

Whose mournful red awhile the gloaming stains,—  
Unsatisfied, reproachful, as it wanes.

How dark it grows—how dark !

How dark it is ! The deeper purpling sky,  
Lashed with dull clouds, keeps gloomy watch on  
high,

All hope of light, all glimpse of Heaven, debars,  
Withholds the planets and denies the stars—  
The darkness deepens ; brain and vision reel,  
Struck by the gloom I cannot, but feel,  
As felt old Egypt, when the gathering might  
Of God's displeasure blotted out the sight,—  
How dark it is—how dark !

So felt old Egypt, while the rivers hid  
The mystery of Sphinx and Pyramid,  
While their stark profiles cut the starless skies,  
While she lay dumb with wide unvisioned eyes,  
Nor knew what aeons over her must roll  
Before that cloud is lifted from her soul—  
Such is the burden and the load of night.  
When was it day ? When will be morning-light ?  
How dark it is—how dark !

S. R. ELLIOT.

### INSOMNIA.

O WOULD God call a halt,—one moment's halt  
To that procession marching through my brain !  
I would awake in thankful quiet lie  
And watch the long defile begin again ;

Would make no further dry-mouthed moans for  
sleep ;

Would take up patience in sweet hope's default,  
And mutely bear the burden of the hours,—  
If God would call a halt,—one moment's halt !

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

#### A PRAYER.

A MORROW must come on  
When I shall wake to weep ;  
But just for some short hours,  
God, give me sleep !

I ask not hope's return ;  
As I have sowed I reap.  
Grief must awake with dawn,—  
Yet, oh, to sleep !

No dreams, dear God, no dreams :  
Mere slumber, dull and deep,  
Such as thou givest brutes,—  
Sleep, only sleep !

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

#### WHO KNOWS.

JUNE leaves are green, pink is the rose,  
White bloom the lilies ; yet who knows,  
Or swears he knows the reason why ?  
None dare say—" I." .

The oriole, flitting stoops and sips  
A soft sweet kiss from the lily's lips :—  
Who taught the oriole to steal so ?  
    None say they know.

Whether the oriole stops and thinks,  
Or whether he simply stoops and drinks,  
Saying only it suits him well,—  
    This who can tell ?

We marvel whither this life-stream tends,  
And how remote are its hidden ends ;—  
But life and loving soon slip over  
    Time and the lover.

A kiss is all ;—a sip and a song,  
A day is short, and a year is not long.  
Loving would double—but thinking stole  
    Half from the whole.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

### CONSTANCY.

I AM but constant as yon constant rocks,  
That have their bases under ocean's floor,  
That yield no piteous span, receive no score,  
Though ships make thither, waves deal shocks on  
    shocks.

I am but constant as the sea, whose flocks,  
How wide soe'er they wander, evermore  
Morning and evening crowd the vacant shore,  
As beck of her who smiles through silvery locks ;

Constant, but as the oak now bare and dry,  
That soon the genial season shall restore,  
And its gray arms with fluttering honors fill ;  
Or as the violet, that seems to die,  
Yet can its azure angel raise it still,  
To greet the coming springtime, as before.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

BEST.

MOTHER, I see with your nursery light,  
Leading your babies, all in white  
    To their sweet rest ;  
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,  
    And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine  
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine  
    On your warm breast ;  
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine,  
    He can love best !

You tremble each hour because your arms  
Are weak ; your heart is wrung with alarm.  
    And sore opprest ;  
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,  
    And that is best.

You know, over yours may hang even now  
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow  
    Naught can arrest ;  
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,  
    And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one  
And dearest may live long years alone,  
    Unloved, unblest ;  
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,  
    And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears,  
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,  
    And unconfessed ;  
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,  
    O, how much the best !

But grief is selfish ; I cannot see  
Always why I should so stricken be,  
    More than the rest ;  
But I know that, as well as for them, for me  
    God did the best !

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

TO-MORROW'S NEWS.

THERE will be news to-morrow :  
    News of sorrow  
Maybe ; hard, and sharp, and cutting ;  
    Shutting  
    Off a breath of sweetness ;  
    Life's completeness  
    Shattering further :  
Clashing hard on one another  
Hope and faith ; but God will choose  
    The wisest news.  
    If I to-night,  
Were given to write,

By my own will, the words to shape  
 To-morrow's course, sleep would escape  
 Me, and the wings  
 Of my light heart be bound. God ordereth things.  
 And I but pray :  
 Shape Thou my destiny,  
 And use me to Thy will,  
 Or, let me lie quite still  
 Within Thy hand. The news  
 Will be as God shall choose.

GEORGE KRINGLE.

#### IN REVERIE.

IN the west, the weary Day  
 Folds its amber wings and dies ;  
 Night, the long delaying Night,  
 Walks abroad in starry guise.

Rest more precious than a sleep,  
 Silence sweeter than a dream,—  
 These enfold me as I float,  
 Idle waif on idle stream.

In the rippling trees I hear  
 Flowing waves and dipping oars ;  
 And beloved voices near,  
 Seem to steal from fading shores.

Fainter, fainter, fainter still,  
 By no breath of passion crossed,  
 With the tide I drift and glide  
 Out to sea—and all is lost.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.



KNOWING.

ONE summer day, to a young child I said,  
    "Write to thy mother, boy." With earnest  
    face,  
And laboring fingers all unused to trace  
The mystic characters, he bent his head  
(That should have danced amid the flowers in-  
    stead)  
Over the blurred page for a half-hour's space ;  
Then with a sigh that burdened all the place  
Cried, "Mamma knows !" and out to sunshine  
    sped.  
O soul of mine, when tasks are hard and long,  
And life so crowds thee with its stress and  
    strain  
That thou, half fainting, art too tired to pray,  
Drink thou this wine of blessing and be strong !  
God knows ! What though the lips be dumb  
    with pain,  
Or the pen drops ? He knows what thou wouldst  
    say.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

COUNSEL.

IF thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,  
—But for one night though that farewell should  
    be—  
Press thou his hand in thine ; how canst thou tell  
    How far from thee

Fate or Caprice may lead his feet  
 Ere that to-morrow come ? men have been known  
 Lightly to turn the corner of a street,  
                     And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,  
 Before they looked in loving eyes again.  
 Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears,  
                     —With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come be-  
                     tween,  
 Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true  
 The palm of him who goeth forth.    Unseen  
                     Fate goeth too !

Yea, find thou alway time to say  
 Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,  
 Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,  
                     Regret should walk.

MARY EVELYN MOORE DAVIS.

#### THE TWO LESSONS.

LEARN, boy, from me what dwells in man alone,  
 Courage immortal, and the steadfast sway  
 Of patient toil, that glorifies the day.  
 What most ennobles life is all our own,  
 Yet not the whole of life ; the fates atone  
                     For what they give by what they keep away.

Learn thou from others all the triumphs gay  
That dwell in sunnier realms, to me unknown.  
Each soul imparts one lesson ; each supplies  
One priceless secret that it holds within.  
In your own heart—there only—stands the  
prize.  
Foiled of all else, your own career you win.  
We half command our fates ; the rest but lies  
In that last drop which unknown powers fling  
in.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

## TWO TRUTHS.

"DARLING," he said, "I never meant  
To hurt you." And his eyes were wet.  
"I would not hurt you for the world :  
Am I to blame if I forget ?"

"Forgive my selfish tears !" she cried,  
"Forgive ! I knew that it was not  
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet,—  
I knew it was that you forgot !"

But all the same, deep in her heart  
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet :  
When love is at its best one loves  
So much that he cannot forget.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

CORONATION.

AT the king's gate the subtle noon  
 Wove filmy yellow nets of sun ;  
 Into the drowsy snare too soon  
 The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,  
 A beggar went, and laughed, " This brings  
 Me chance, at last, to see if men  
 Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,  
 Propping his face with listless hand ;  
 Watching the hour-glass sifting down  
 Too slow its shining sand.

" Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me ? "  
 The beggar turned, and pitying,  
 Replied, like one in dream, " Of thee,  
 Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head  
 Shook off the crown and threw it by.  
 " O man, thou must have known," he said,  
 " A greater king than I !"

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,  
 Went king and beggar hand in hand.  
 Whispered the king, " Shall I know when  
 Before his throne I stand ? "

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste  
Were wiping from the king's hot brow  
The crimson lines the crown had traced.  
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon  
Unwove its yellow nets of sun ;  
Out of their sleep in terror soon  
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here ! Ho there ! Has no man seen  
The king ?" The cry ran to and fro ;  
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,  
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray ;  
The king came not. They called him dead ;  
And made his eldest son one day  
Slave in his father's stead.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

#### HYMN.

(Sung at the completion of the Concord Monument, April 19,  
1836).

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
 We set to-day a votive stone ;  
 That memory may their dead redeem,  
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
 To die, or leave their children free,  
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### REVIVAL OF ROMANCE.

Too long, too long we keep the level plain,  
 The tilled, tame fields, the bending orchard  
 bough !

The byre, the barn, the threshing-floor, the  
 plow

Too long have been our theme and our re-  
 frain !

Enough, my brothers, of this Doric strain !

Lift up your spirits, and record a vow  
 To gather laurel from the mountain's brow,  
 And bring the era of rich verse again !

Ye painters, paint great Nature at her height—  
 Seas, forests, cliffs upreared in liquid air,  
 And touch with glamour all things rough and  
 crude.

And ye who fiction weave for our delight,  
 Give us brave men, and women good as fair—  
 And shame our hollow Sadducean mood !

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw :  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—

“ Forever—never !  
Never—forever ! ”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
    “Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roar'd ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
    “Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”

There groups of merry children play'd,  
There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
    “Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding-night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
    “Forever—never !  
    Never—forever !”



All are scatter'd now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask with throbs of pain,  
" Ah ! when shall they all meet again,"  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
    " Forever—never !  
    Never—forever ! "

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
    " Forever—never !  
    Never—forever ! "

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### LOOK ALOFT.

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution de-  
part,  
" Look aloft," and be firm, and be fearless of  
heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,

Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are  
array'd,

"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall  
fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to  
thine eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,  
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart,  
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,  
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the  
tomb,

To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And, O! when death comes in his terrors to cast  
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy  
heart,

And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and de-  
part!

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

#### THE WAYSIDE WELL.

HE stopped at the wayside well,  
Where the water was cool and deep;  
There were feathery ferns 'twixt the mossy stones,  
And gray was the old well-sweep.

He left his carriage alone,  
Nor could coachman or footman tell  
Why the master stopped in the dusty road  
To drink at the wayside well.

He swayed with his gloved hands  
The well-sweep, creaking and slow,  
While from seam and scar in the bucket's side  
The water plashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,  
And bent to the bucket's brim ;  
No furrows of time or care had marked  
The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy  
As he stooped o'er the brim to drink,  
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face  
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,  
And the brow undimmed by care,  
While from under the rim of the old straw hat  
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh ;  
Nor could footman or coachman tell  
Why the master stopped in his ride that day  
To drink at the wayside well.

WALTER LEARNED.

ON THE SHORE.

LOOK off, dear love, across the fallow sands,  
 And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea ;  
 How long they kiss, in sight of all the lands !  
 Ah, longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun  
 As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,  
 And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis done !  
 Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort Heaven's  
 heart ;  
 Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands ;  
 O Night, divorce our sun and sky apart—  
 Never our lips, our hands !

SIDNEY LANIER.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I DO not own an inch of land,  
 But all I see is mine,—  
 The orchard and the mowing-fields,  
 The lawns and gardens fine.  
 The winds my tax-collectors are,  
 They bring me tithes divine,—  
 Wild scents and subtle essences,  
 A tribute rare and free

And more magnificent than all,  
My window keeps for me  
A glimpse of blue immensity,—  
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns  
Great fleets and argosies ;  
I have a share in every ship  
Won by the inland breeze  
To loiter on yon airy road  
Above the apple-trees.  
I freight them with my untold dreams,  
Each bears my own picked crew ;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than ever India knew,—  
My ships that sail into the East  
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes,—  
The people of the sky,—  
Guests in white raiment coming down  
From Heaven, which is close by :  
I call them by familiar names,  
As one by one draws nigh,  
So white, so light, so spirit-like,  
From violet mists they bloom !  
The aching wastes of the unknown  
Are half reclaimed from gloom,  
Since on life's hospitable sea  
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness  
 With nothing else in sight ;  
 Its east and west, its north and south,  
 Spread out from morn to night :  
 We miss the warm, caressing shore,  
 Its brooding shade and light.  
 A part is greater than the whole ;  
 By hints are mysteries told ;  
 The fringes of eternity,—  
 God's sweeping garment-fold,  
 In that bright shred of glimmering sea,  
 I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,  
 Float in upon the mist ;  
 The waves are broken precious stones,—  
 Sapphire and amethyst,  
 Washed from celestial basement walls  
 By suns unsetting kissed.  
 Out through the utmost gates of space,  
 Past where the gay stars drift,  
 To the widening Infinite, my soul  
 Glides on, a vessel swift ;  
 Yet loses not her anchorage  
 In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child ;  
 The threshold of God's door  
 Is that clear band of chrysoprase ;  
 Now the vast temple floor,

The blinding glory of the dome  
I bow my head before :  
The universe, O God, is home,  
In height or depth to me ;  
Yet here upon thy footstool green  
Content am I to be ;  
Glad, when is opened to my need  
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

LUCY LARCOM.

### TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand !  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

## A BOY'S MOTHER.

My Mother she's so good to me,  
Ef I was good as I could be,  
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—  
Can't any boy be good as her !

She loves me when I'm glad er sad ;  
She loves me when I'm good er bad ;  
An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—  
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see  
Her cryin',—Then I cry ; an' nen  
We both cry, an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes ;  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head ;  
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa  
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

WHEN she comes home again ! A thousand ways  
I fashion to myself, the tenderness  
Of my glad welcome ; I shall tremble—yes ;  
And touch her, as when first in the old days  
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise  
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.  
Then silence : and the perfume of her dress ;  
The room will sway a little, and a haze  
Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space ;  
And tears—yes ; and the ache here in the throat,  
To know that I so ill deserve the place  
Her arms make for me ; and the sobbing note  
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face  
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DRIFTING.

MY soul to-day  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;  
My winged boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote :—

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks,

Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,  
The mountains swim ;  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretch'd hands,  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

In lofty lines,  
'Mid palms and pines,  
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,  
Sorrento swings  
On sunset wings,  
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles ;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;—  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where swells and falls  
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,  
At peace I lie,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With Earth and Ocean reconciled ;  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense,  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where Summer sings and never dies,—  
O'erveil'd with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children, hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid ;

Or down the walls,  
With tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
Where Traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snow ;—  
This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip !  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the wall of Paradise !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH, alack, Elizabeth !  
Your lovely lilies blow,  
Slim, love, still, love, beside the echoing stair.  
The bees have found them out. Row after  
row  
Your pinks, those little blossoms with a breath  
Blown from the east, and out the spice-trees there,  
Nod up the paths ; and roses white as death,  
And roses red as love, grow everywhere :  
For June is at the door.  
Alack, alack, alack, Elizabeth !  
Sweeter than June, why do you come no more ?

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

ANNE.

HER eyes be like the violets,  
Ablow in Sudbury lane ;  
When she does smile, her face is sweet  
As blossoms after rain ;  
With grief I think of my gray hairs,  
And wish me young again.  
  
In comes she through the dark old door  
Upon this Sabbath day ;  
And she doth bring the tender wind  
That sings in bush and spray,

And hints of all the apple boughs  
That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,  
For our dear souls to pray,  
And of the place where sinners go  
Some grewsome things doth say ;  
Now she is highest Heaven to me ;  
So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folks sit  
To hear the sermon through ;  
But if our God be such a God,  
And if these things be true,  
Why did He make her then so fair,  
And both her eyes so blue ?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,  
And finds her sitting there ;  
And touches soft her lilac gown,  
And soft her yellow hair ;  
I look across to that old pew,  
And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury lane.  
Amid the grasses green,  
This maid who stirs ye with her feet  
Is far more fair, I ween !  
I wonder how my forty years  
Look by her sweet sixteen !

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

I HAVE fancied sometimes, the old Bethel bent  
beam,  
That tumbled to earth in the Patriarch's dream,  
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest  
From the pillow of stone to the Blue of the Blest,  
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,  
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth," and "China" and  
"Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, nor under the sod,  
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and  
God !

Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright golden road,  
—O, not to the hymns that in harmony flowed,—  
But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned  
choir,

To the girl that sang alto,—the girl that sang air !  
"Let us sing to His praise," the good minister  
said, ["York,"

All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at  
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that  
he read,

While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,  
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork,  
And the vicious old viol went growling along,  
At the heels of the girls, in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing,—bid no genie come,  
With the wonderful web from Arabian loom,

To bear me along up the river of Time,  
Where the world was in rhythm and life was its  
rhyme ;

Where the stream of the years flowed so noiseless  
and narrow,

That across it there floated the song of a spar-  
row ;

For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,  
To the old village church and the old village choir,  
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung  
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise as they  
sung,

Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun  
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun !  
You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,  
Who followed by scent till he run the tune down,—

And dear sister Green, with more goodness than  
grace,

Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her  
place,

And where " Coronation " exultantly flows,  
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her  
toes !

To the land of the leal they have gone with their  
song,

Where the choir and the chorus together belong.  
O, be lifted, ye Gates ! Let me hear them again.  
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever Amen !

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



ON A FORGOTTEN BY-WAY.

THE shabby street-cars jingling go  
Where modish coach-wheels rolled and ran,  
And back here from that roaring Row  
It leads from Beekman Street to Ann.

En route to sup at Philip Hone's,  
And quiz our New World belles and beaux,  
Her feet tripped o'er these very stones  
Fair Kemble—and thy magic toes.

Thou fairer Fanny, Ellsler named,  
Twinkled adown that pavement drear,  
While (for thy lissome sake defamed)  
Followed—with wraps—thy Chevalier.

A gown of white, a girlish form,  
Footsteps unused that trembling pause !  
'Tis Garcia, frightened by the storm  
Of this, her debut night's applause.

Again, oh crinoline and mitts !  
Oh blue and brass with ruffles dight !  
A decorous mob of worthy cits—  
The ball to " Boz " is at its height.

'Tis Theatre Alley, yet its name  
They've spared. A squalid place by day  
Where wrangling boys for coppers game,  
Where sottish vagrants snooze or stray.

But when the sun shines slant and low  
     O'er Trinity's subduing vane.  
 Vanish these sordid shapes, and so  
     The Alley grows itself again.

And when the dusk in deeper gloom,  
     Is whelmed, and o'er the flag-stones damp,  
 As if the old stage door to 'lume,  
     Glimmers that lonely, midway lamp.

These dear, dead ladies, they that thrilled  
     The gay world of the " old Park's " time,  
 Are with me, and—a vow fulfilled—  
     To their sweet manes, this light rhyme.

A. E. WATROUS.

#### GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD wine to drink !—  
 Ay, give the slippery juice  
 That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
     Within the tun ;  
 Plucked from beneath the cliff  
 Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,  
     And ripened 'neath the blink  
         Of India's sun !  
     Peat whiskey hot,  
 Tempered with well-boiled water !  
 These make the long night shorter,—  
     Forgetting not  
 Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn !—

Ay, bring the hill-side beech  
From where the owlets meet and screech,

And ravens croak ;

The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;

Bring to a clump of fragrant peat,

Dug 'neath the fern ;

The knotted oak,

A fagot too, perhaps,

Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,

Shall light us at our drinking ;

While the oozing sap

Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read !—

Ay, bring those nodes of wit,

The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,

Time honored tomes !

The same my sire scanned before,

The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,

The same his sire from college bore,

The well-earned meed

Of Oxford's domes

Old Homer blind,

Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by

Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie ;

Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,

Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay !

And Gervase Markham's venerie—

Nor leave behind

The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk !—  
Ay, bring those chosen few,  
The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
    So rarely found ;  
Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
Him for my easel, distich, bud  
    In mountain walk !  
    Bring Walter good :  
With soulful Fred ; and learned Will,  
And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still  
    For every mood).

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

### HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with  
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;  
Oh ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again !  
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call—  
Give me them !—and the peace of mind dearer  
than all.

Home, sweet, sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home !

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

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SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently : it is better far  
To rule by love than fear—  
Speak gently : let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.

Speak gently : Love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind ;  
And gently Friendship's accents flow ;  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child :  
Its love be sure to gain ;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young : for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one :  
Grieve not the careworn heart ;  
The sands of life are nearly run—  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor :  
Let no harsh tone be heard ;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring : know,  
They may have toil'd in vain ;

Perchance unkindness made them so ;  
Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently : He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were fierce with strife,  
Said to them, " Peace ! be still ! "

Gentleness is a little thing  
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well :  
The good, the joy which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

DAVID BATES.

#### NEVER AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pain :  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts,  
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
Under manhood's sterner reign :  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth, with flying feet,  
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain :  
We behold it everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
But it never comes again !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

GOING HOME.

DRAWN by horses with decorous feet,  
A carriage for one went through the street,  
Polished as anthracite out of the mine,  
Tossing its plumes so stately and fine,  
As nods to the night a Norway pine.

The passenger lay in Parian rest,  
As if, by the sculptor's hand caressed,  
A mortal life through the marble stole,  
And then till an angel calls the roll  
It waits awhile for a human soul.

He rode in state, but his carriage-fare  
Was left unpaid to his only heir ;  
Hardly a man, from hovel to throne,  
Takes to this route in coach of his own,  
But borrows at last and travels alone,

The driver sat in his silent seat ;  
The world, as still as a field of wheat,  
Gave all the road to the speechless twain,  
And thought the passenger never again  
Should travel that way with living men.

Not a robin held its little breath,  
But sang right on in the face of death ;  
You never would dream, to see the sky  
Give glance for glance to the violet's eye,  
That aught between them could ever die,

---

A wain bound east met the hearse bound west,  
Halted a moment, and paused abreast ;  
And I verily think a stranger pair  
Had never met on a thoroughfare,  
Or a dim by-road, or anywhere ;

The hearse as slim and glossy and still  
As silken thread at a woman's will,  
Who watches her work with tears unshed,  
Broiders a grief with needle and thread,  
Mourns in pansies and cypress the dead ;

Spotless the steeds in a satin dress,  
That run for two worlds the Lord's Express,—  
Long as the route of Arcturus's ray,  
Brief as the Publicans trying to pray,  
No other steeds by no other way  
Could go so far on a single day.

From wagons broad and heavy and rude  
A group looking out from a single hood ;  
Striped with the flirt of a heedless lash,  
Dappled and dimmed with many a splash,  
"Gathered " behind like an old calash.

It made you think of a schooner's sail  
Mildewed with weather, tattered by gale,  
Down " by the run " from mizzen and main,—  
That canvas mapped with stipple and stain  
Of western earth and the prairie rain.

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The watch-dog walked in his ribs between  
The hinder wheels, with sleepy mien ;  
A dangling pail to the axle slung ;  
Astern of the wain a manger hung,—  
A schooner's boat by the davits swung.

The white-faced boys sat three in a row,  
With eyes of wonder and heads of tow ;  
Father looked sadly over his brood ;  
Mother just lifted a flap of the hood ;  
All saw the hearse,—and two understood.

They thought of the one-eyed cabin small,  
Hid like a nest in the grasses tall,  
Where plains swept boldly off in the air,  
Grooved into heaven everywhere,—  
So near the stars' invisible stair

That planets and prairie almost met,—  
Just cleared its edges as they set !  
They thought of the level worlds " divide,"  
And their hearts flowed down its other side  
To the grave of the little girl that died.

They thought of childhood's neighborly hills,  
With sunshine aprons and ribbons of rills,  
That drew so near when the day went down,  
Put on a crimson and golden crown,  
And sat together in mantles brown ;

The Dawn's red plume in their winter caps,  
And Night asleep in their drowsy laps,  
Lightening the load of the shouldered wood  
By shedding the shadows as they could,  
That gathered round where the homestead stood.

They thought,—that pair in the rugged wain,  
Thinking with bosom rather than brain ;  
They'll never know till their dying day  
That what they thought and never could say,  
Their hearts throbbed out in an Alpine lay,  
The old Waldensian song again ;  
Thank God for the mountains, and amen !

The wain gave a lurch, the hearse moved on,—  
A moment or two, and both were gone :  
The wain bound east, the hearse bound west,  
Both going home, both looking for rest.  
The Lord save all, and his name be blest !

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

#### SOLITUDE.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you ;  
    Weep, and you weep alone.  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
    But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer ;  
    Sigh, it is lost on the air.  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
    But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you ;  
Grieve, and they turn and go.  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many ;  
Be sad, and you lose them all.  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

### THE RIVER TIME.

O ! a wonderful stream is the River Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,  
And the summers, like buds between,

And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they  
go,  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there ;  
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow ;  
They are heaps of dust—but we loved them so !  
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer ;  
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without  
strings ;  
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that She used to wear,

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy  
shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air ;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent  
roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

O ! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,  
All the day of our life till night ;  
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that " Greenwood " of Soul be in sight !

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing ;  
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape like a page perusing ;  
Poor, unknown—  
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat.  
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,  
Silver buttons, queue, and crimplt cravat,  
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding,  
There he sat !  
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat.

Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there,  
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,  
None to love him for his thin gray hair,  
And the furrows all so mutely pleading,  
Age, and care :  
Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,  
     Dapper country lads, and little maidens,  
 Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool,"  
     Its grave import still my fancy ladens,  
         "Here's a Fool!"  
 It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seem'd to mark our play,  
     Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,  
 I remember well,—too well, that day!  
     Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,  
         Would not stay!  
 When the stranger seem'd to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,  
     Ah! to me her name was always heaven!  
 She besought him all his grief to tell,  
     (I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)  
         ISABEL!  
 One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;  
     Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,  
 Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told,  
     Then his eye betray'd a pearl of sorrow,  
         Down it roll'd!  
 Angel, said he sadly, I am old!

I have totter'd here to look once more  
     On the pleasant scene where I delighted

In the careless, happy days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
To the core !  
I have totter'd here to look once more !

All the picture now to me how dear !  
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated,  
Is a jewel worth my journey here ;  
Ah, that such a scene must be completed  
With a tear !

All the picture now to me how dear !

Old stone school-house !—it is still the same !  
There's the very step I so oft' mounted ;  
There's the window creaking in its frame,  
And the notches that I cut and counted  
For the game ;  
Old stone school-house !—it is still the same !

In the cottage, yonder, I was born ;  
Long my happy home—that humble dwelling ;  
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,  
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling ;  
Ah, forlorn !

In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gate-way sycamores you see,  
Then were planted, just so far asunder  
That long well-pole from the path to free,  
And the wagon to pass safely under ;

*Ninety-Three !*

Those two gate-way sycamores you see !

There's the orchard where we used to climb  
 When my mates and I were boys together,  
 Thinking nothing of the flight of time,  
     Fearing naught but work and rainy weather ;  
         Past its prime !  
 There's the orchard where we used to climb !

There, the rude, three-corner'd chestnut rails,  
     Round the pasture where the flocks were  
         grazing,  
 Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails  
     In the crops of buckwheat we were raising,  
         Traps and trails,—  
 There the rude, three-corner'd chestnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain ;  
     Pond, and river still serenely flowing ;  
 Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,  
     Where the lily of my heart was blowing,  
         MARY JANE !  
 There's the mill that ground our yellow grain !

There's the gate on which I used to swing,  
     Brook and bridge, and barn, and old red  
         stable ;  
 But alas ! no more the morn shall bring  
     That dear group around my father's table ;  
         Taken wing !  
 There's the gate on which I used to swing !



I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled!  
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;  
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,  
When around it Jane and I were straying:  
She is dead!  
I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled!

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,  
Tracing silently life's changeful story,  
So familiar to my dim old eye,  
Points me to seven that are now in glory  
There on high!  
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,  
Guided thither by an angel mother;  
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,  
Sire and sisters, and my little brother;  
Gone to God!  
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod!

There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Bless the holy lesson!—but, ah, never  
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,  
Those sweet voices,—silent now for ever!  
Peaceful days!  
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways!

There my Mary blest me with her hand,  
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,

Ere she hasten'd to the spirit-land ;  
     Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing ;  
         Broken band !  
 There my Mary blest me with her hand !

I have come to see that grave once more,  
     And the sacred place where we delighted,  
 Where we worshipp'd in the days of yore,  
     Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
         To the core !  
 I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old !  
     Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;  
 Now, why I sit here thou hast been told :  
     In his eye another pearl of sorrow,  
         Down it rolled !  
 Angel, said he sadly, I am old !

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
     Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing :  
 Still I marked him, sitting there alone,  
     All the landscape, like a page perusing ;  
         Poor, unknown,  
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone !

RALPH HOYT.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

O THE days gone by! O the days gone by!  
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through  
the rye;  
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the  
quail  
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any  
nightingale;  
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue  
was in the sky,  
And my happy heart brimmed over—in the days  
gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were  
tripped  
By the honeysuckle tangles where the water-lilies  
dipped,  
And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along  
the brink,  
Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came  
to drink,  
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's  
wayward cry  
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days  
gone by.

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!  
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the  
eye;

The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic  
ring—

The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in every-  
thing.

For life was like a story, holding neither sob nor  
sigh,

In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.

J. W. RILEY.

### SORROW AND JOY.

TELL me what is sorrow ? It is a garden-bed.

And what is joy ? It is a little rose,

Which in that garden grows.

I plucked it in my youth so royal red,

To weave it in a garland for my head ;

It pricked my hand, I let it drop again,

And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow ? It is an endless sea.

And what is joy ? It is a little pearl,

Round which the waters whirl.

I dived deep down, they gave it up to me,

To keep it where my costly jewels be ;

It dazzled me, I let it fall again,

And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me what is sorrow ? It is a gloomy cage.

And what is joy ? It is a little bird,

Whose song therein is heard.

Opening the door, for I was never sage,

I took it from its perch ; with sudden rage

It bit me—bit, I let it go again,  
And now I look and long for it in vain.

Tell me when my sorrow shall ended, ended be ?  
And when return the joy that long since fled ?  
Not till the garden-bed

Restores the rose ; not till the endless sea  
Restores the pearl ; not till the gloomy cage  
Restores the bird ; not, poor, old man, till age  
Which sorrow is itself, is youth again—  
And so I look and long for it in vain !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

### GRAY HAIR IN YOUTH.

WHAT does youth with silvered crown ?  
Snows of winter come not down  
Till the frost hath made its way,  
And the night outmeasured day ;  
Till the harvest all is stored,  
And the cordial vintage poured  
That can heavy memories drown,  
What does youth with silver crown ?

Passion's fires have burned apace  
Laying waste the summer's grace,  
Than the frost more cruel keen,  
Making youth as age be seen,  
Save upon his silken hairs  
Ashes white, not snow, he bears,—  
Mournful frame for morning face !  
Passion's fires have burned apace.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

ICHABOD.

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn  
     Which once he wore !  
 The glory from his gray hairs gone  
     For evermore !

Reville him not,—the tempter hath  
     A snare for all ;  
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath  
     Befit his fall !

Oh ! dumb is passion's story rage,  
     When he who might  
 Have lighted up and led his age,  
     Falls back in night.

Scorn ! Would the angels laugh, to mark  
     A bright soul driven,  
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
     From hope and Heaven ?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
     Insuit him now ;  
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
     Dishonor'd brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
     From sea to lake,  
 A long lament, as for the dead,  
     In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, naught  
Save power remains,—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes  
The soul is fled :  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame :  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE CITY.

THEY do neither plight nor wed  
In the city of the dead,  
In the city where they sleep away the hours ;  
But they lie, while o'er them range  
Winter-blight and summer change,  
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.  
No, they neither wed nor plight,  
And the day is like the night,  
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,  
 In that burgh of by and by  
 Where the streets have grasses growing cool and  
     long ;  
 But they rest within their bed,  
 Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,  
 Deeming silence better far than sob or song.  
 No, they neither sigh nor sing,  
 Though the robin be a-wing,  
 Though the leaves of autumn march a million  
     strong.

There is only rest and peace  
 In the City of Surcease  
 From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,  
 And the wings of the swift years  
 Beat but gently o'er the biers,  
 Making music to the sleepers every one.  
 There is only peace and rest ;  
 But to them it seemeth best,  
 For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

RICHARD BURTON.

#### PRIVATE DEVOTION.

I LOVE to steal awhile away  
 From every cumbering care,  
 And spend the hours of setting day  
     In humble, grateful prayer.



I love, in solitude, to shed  
The penitential tear ;  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore ;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

I love, by faith, to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN.

### NOT KNOWING.

"Not knowing the things that shall befall me there."—Acts.  
xx, 22.

I KNOW not what will befall me ; God hangs a  
mist o'er my eyes,  
And thus, each step of my onward path, he makes  
new scenes arise,  
And every joy he sends to me comes as a sweet  
surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread on another  
year,

But I leave the past in God's keeping, the future  
his mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten  
as I draw near.

For, perhaps the dreaded future is less bitter than  
I think ;

The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop  
to drink ;

Or, if Marah must be Marah, he will stand beside  
its brink.

It may be he keeps waiting till the coming of my  
feet,

Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so  
strangely sweet,

That my lips shall only tremble with the thanks  
they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance ! 'Tis blessed not to  
know ;

It keeps me still in those mighty arms which will  
not let me go,

And lulls my weariness to rest on the bosom that  
loves me so !

So I go on not knowing ; I would not if I might ;  
I would rather walk in the dark with God, than go  
alone in the light ;

I would rather walk with him by faith than walk  
alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future  
may disclose ;  
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord  
chose,  
So I send the coming tears back with the whis-  
pered word " He knows."

MARY G. BRAINARD.

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream !  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
     In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
     Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
     Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
 Act,—act in the living Present !  
     Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
     We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
     Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
     Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
     Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
     With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
     Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

EXTREME UNCTION.

Go ! leave me, Priest ; my soul would be  
Alone with the consoler Death ;  
Far sadder eyes than thine will see  
This crumbling clay yield up its breath ;  
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains  
Than holy oil can cleanse away,—  
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains  
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to those gray eyes  
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung ;  
This fruitless husk which dustward dries  
Has been a heart once, has been young ;  
On this bowed head the awful Past  
Once laid its consecrating hands ;  
The Future in its purpose vast  
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look ! whose shadows block the door ?  
Who are those two who stand aloof ?  
See ! on my hands this freshening gore  
Writes o'er again its crimson proof !  
My looked-for death-bed guests are met,  
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,  
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,  
The ghost of my Ideal stands !

God bends from out the deep and says,  
" I gave thee the great gift of life ;

Wast thou not called in many ways ?  
 Are not my earth and heaven at strife ?  
 I gave thee of my seed to sow,  
     Bringest thou me my hundred-fold ? ”  
 Can I look up with face aglow,  
     And answer, “ Father, here is gold ? ”

I have been innocent ; God knows  
     When first this wasted life began  
 Not grape with grape more kindly grows  
     Than I with every brother man ;  
 Now here I gasp ; what lose my kind,  
     When this fast-ebbing breath shall part ?  
 What bands of love and service bind  
     This being to the world’s sad heart ?

Christ still was wandering o’er the earth  
     Without a place to lay his head ;  
 He found free welcome at my hearth,  
     He shared my cup and broke my bread ;  
 Now, when I hear those steps sublime,  
     That bring the other world to this,  
 My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,  
     Starts sideways with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,  
     God said, “ Another man shall be,”  
 And the great Maker did not scorn  
     Out of himself to fashion me ;

He sunned me with his ripening looks,  
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,  
As effortless as woodland nooks  
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,  
Am exiled back to brutish clod,  
Have borne unquenched for four-score years  
A spark of the eternal God ;  
And to what end ? How yield I back  
The trust for such high uses given ?  
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track  
Whereby to crawl away from heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight  
To see a soul just set adrift  
On that drear voyage from whose night  
The ominous shadows never lift ;  
But 'tis more awful to behold  
A helpless infant newly born,  
Whose little hands unconscious hold  
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once ; I flung away  
Those keys that might have open set  
The golden sluices of the day,  
But clutch the keys of darkness yet ;  
I hear the reapers singing go  
Into God's harvest ; I, that might  
With them have chosen, here below  
Grove shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine !  
 O high ideal ! all in vain  
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine  
     Whence worship ne'er shall rise again ;  
 The bat and owl inhabit here,  
     The snake nests in the altar-stone,  
 The sacred vessels moulder near,  
     The image of the God is gone.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,  
     In a kingdom by the sea,  
 That a maiden there lived, whom you may know  
     By the name of Annabel Lee ;  
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
     Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
     In this kingdom by the sea ;  
 But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
     I and my Annabel Lee—  
 With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven  
     Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
     In this kingdom by the sea,  
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
     My beautiful Annabel Lee ;



So that her high-born kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me,  
Yes ! that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we ;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my  
bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

A DEATH BED.

HER sufferings ended with the day,  
     Yet lived she at its close,  
 And breathed the long, long night away,  
     In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
     Illumed the eastern skies,  
 She pass'd through Glory's morning-gate,  
     And walk'd in Paradise !

JAMES ALDRICH.

PROMOTED.

HIS was the swiftest foot, the merriest eye,  
 His laugh the lightest, his the truest heart,  
 Of all the boys who thronged our shady street.  
 The strength of his lithe limbs seemed measure-  
     less ;  
 The courage of his loving, brave, young heart  
 Was like a star, undimmed by cloud or storm.  
 And I had said,—I,—in my dull, blind way,  
 “ I shall be never lonely, never sad.”

One day,—the sun shone bright,—I know not  
     why,  
 A pierced hand knocked at my vine-clad door,  
 A form, majestic, stood within my room.  
 Alas ! I knew that voice, those tear-dimmed eyes,  
 And trembled. But my child, pressed to his side,  
 Followed the tender calling, and has gone.

And now my boy, my *little* boy, knows more  
Than poets dream, or wisest teachers tell.  
No mortal eyes can see what his have seen,  
No ear can catch the music that he hears.  
For he, whose mirth filled all my quiet house,  
Is standing with the singing seraphim ;  
But I am blinded with these rushing tears  
To think that he is there,—and I am here.

MARY S. BACON.

### NOT LOST.

YES, cross in rest the little, snow-white hands.  
Do you not see the lips so faintly red  
With love's last kiss ? Their sweetness has  
not fled,  
Though now you say her sinless spirit stands,  
Within the pale of God's bright summer lands.  
Gather the soft hair round the dainty head  
As in past days. Who says that she is dead,  
And nevermore will heed the old commands ?  
To your cold idols cling, I know she sleeps ;  
That her pure soul is not by vexed winds tost  
Along the pathless altitudes of space.  
This life but sows the seed, from which one reaps  
The future's harvest. No, I have not lost  
The glory and the gladness of her face.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

KENSAL GREEN.

(October 23, 1890.)

WITH what sorrow, with what sadness,  
Laid we one whose heart was gladness  
Underneath the gentle sod.  
Silver mist and birches true  
Wept for him their tears of dew,  
Wept for him their tears of dew.

Slowly, sadly we departed ;  
One was dead, one broken-hearted,  
In this graveyard old.  
Silver mist and birches true  
Wept for both their tears of dew,  
Wept for both their tears of dew.

A. W. DRAKE.

WHEN THE BABY DIED.

WHEN the baby died,  
    On every side  
White lilies and blue violets were strewn ;  
Unreasoning, the mother's heart made moan :  
" Who counted all these flowers which have grown  
    Unhindered in their bloom ?  
    Was there not room,  
O Earth, and God, couldst thou not care  
For mine a little longer ?    Fare

Thy way, O Earth! All life, all death  
For me ceased with my baby's breath;  
All Heaven I forgot or doubt.

    Within, without,  
Is idle chance, more pitiless than law."  
And that was all the mother saw.

When the baby died,  
    On every side  
Rose stranger's voices, hard and harsh and loud.  
The baby was not wrapped in any shroud.  
The mother made no sound. Her head was bowed  
That men's eyes might not see

    Her misery;  
But in her bitter heart she said,  
"Ah me! 'tis well that he is dead,  
My boy for whom there was no food.  
If there were God, and God were good,  
All human hearts at last might keep  
    The right to weep  
Their dead. There is no God, but cruel law."  
And that was all the mother saw.

When the baby died,  
    On every side  
Swift angels came in shining, singing bands,  
And bore the little one, with gentle hands,  
Into the sunshine of the Spirit Land;  
    And Christ the Shepherd said,  
    "Let them be led  
In gardens nearest to the earth.

One mother weepeth over birth,  
 Another weepeth over death ;  
 In vain all Heaven answereth.  
 Laughs from the little ones may reach  
     Their ears, and teach  
 Them what, so blind with tears, they never saw,—  
 That of all life, all death, God's love is law."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (H. H.).

### THE FLOWN SOUL.

(FRANCIS HAWTHORNE LATHROP.)

*February 6. 1881.*

COME not again ! I dwell with you  
 Above the realm of frost and dew,  
 Of pain and fire, and growth to death.  
 I dwell with you where never breath  
 Is drawn, but fragrance vital flows  
 From life to life, even as a rose  
 Unseen pours sweetness through each vein  
 And from the air distills again.  
 You are my rose unseen : we live  
 Where each to other joy may give  
 In ways untold, by means unknown  
 And secret as the magnet-stone.

For which of us, indeed, is dead ?  
 No more I lean to kiss your head—

The golden-red hair so thick upon it ;  
Joy feels no more the touch that won it  
When o'er my brow your pearl-cool palm  
In tenderness so childish, calm,  
Crept softly, once. Yet, see, my arm  
Is strong, and still my blood runs warm :  
I still can work, and think, and weep.  
But all this show of life I keep  
Is but the shadow of your shine,  
Flickers of your fire, husk of your vine ;  
Therefore, you are not dead, nor I  
Who hear your laughter's minstrelsy.  
Among the stars your feet are set :  
Your little feet are dancing yet  
Their rhythmic beat, as when on earth.  
So swift, so slight are death and birth !

Come not again, dear child. If thou  
By any chance couldst break that vow  
Of silence at thy last hour made ;  
If to this grim life unafraid  
Thou couldst return, and melt the frost  
Wherein thy bright limb's power was lost ;  
Still would I whisper—since so fair  
This silent comradeship we share—  
Yes, whisper 'mid the unbidden rain  
Of tears : " Come not, come not again ! "

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

### THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee  
 Thou canst no longer see,  
 In the Chamber over the Gate,  
 That old man desolate,  
 Weeping and wailing sore  
 For his son, who is no more ?  
     O Absalom, my son !

Is it so long ago  
 That cry of human woe  
 From the walled city came,  
 Calling on his dear name,  
 That it has died away  
 In the distance of to-day ?  
     O Absalom, my son !

There is no far nor near,  
 There is neither there nor here,  
 There is neither soon nor late,  
 In that Chamber over the Gate,  
 Nor any long ago  
 To that cry of human woe,  
     O Absalom, my son !

From the ages that are past  
 The voice sounds like a blast,  
 Over seas that wreck and drown,  
 Over tumult of traffic and town ;



---

And from ages yet to be  
Come the echoes back to me  
O Absalom, my son !

Somewhere at every hour  
The watchman on the tower  
Looks forth, and sees the fleet  
Approach of the hurrying feet  
Of messengers, that bear  
The tidings of despair.  
O Absalom, my son !

He goes forth from the door,  
Who shall return no more.  
With him our joy departs ;  
The light goes out in our hearts ;  
In the Chamber over the Gate  
We sit disconsolate.  
O Absalom, my son !

That 'tis a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief ;  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross ;  
And forever the cry will be  
" Would God I had died for thee,  
O Absalom, my son ! "

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead :  
 His fair sunshiny head  
 Is ever bounding round my study-chair :  
 Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
 With tears, I turn to him,  
 The vision vanishes—he is not there !  
  
 I walk my parlor floor,  
 And through the open door  
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;  
 I'm stepping toward the hall  
 To give the boy a call ;  
 And then bethink me that—he is not there !  
  
 I thread the crowded street ;  
 A satchell'd lad I meet,  
 With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair :  
 And, as he's running by,  
 Follow him with my eye,  
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there !  
  
 I know his face is hid  
 Under the coffin-lid ;  
 Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;  
 My hand that marble felt ;  
 O'er it in prayer I knelt ;  
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !  
  
 I cannot *make* him dead !  
 When passing by the bed,  
 So long watched over with parental care,

My spirit and my eye  
Seek it inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave me boy,  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,  
Whate'er I may be *saying*,  
I am, in spirit, praying  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there ! Where, then, is he ?  
The form I used to see  
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear ;  
The grave, that now doth press  
Upon that cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;—*he* is not there !

He lives ! In all the past  
He lives ; nor, to the last,  
Of seeing him again will I despair ;  
In dreams I see him now ;  
And, on his angel brow,  
I see it written, " Thou shalt see me *there* ! "

Yes, we all live to God !  
 Father, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit-land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there* !

JOHN PIERPONT.

**“ WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.”**

WHEN the grass shall cover me,  
 Head to foot, where I am lying ;  
 When not any wind that blows,  
 Summer blooms or winter snows,  
 Shall wake me to your sighing ;  
 Close above me as you pass,  
 You will say, “ How kind she was,”  
 You will say, “ How true she was,”  
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,  
 Holden close to Earth's warm bosom ;  
 While I laugh, or weep, or sing  
 Nevermore for anything ;  
 You will find in blade and blossom,  
 Sweet, small voices, odorous,  
 Tender pleaders in my cause,  
 That shall speak me as I was—  
 When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me !  
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow  
Very patient, I can wait—  
Knowing that or soon or late,  
There will dawn a clearer morrow ;  
When your heart will moan, " Alas !  
Now I know how true she was ;  
Now I know how dear she was "—  
When the grass grows over me.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

### MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds,  
Where charity is seen ; that when  
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds  
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,  
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence ;  
Where centre is not, can there be  
Circumference ?

This I moreover hold and dare  
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go :  
Whatever things be sweet or fair,  
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the sickle's rush  
Through wheat fields, or the fall of showers,  
Or by some cabin door a bush  
Of rugged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,  
 Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,  
 That makes us saints ; we judge the tree  
 By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
 From works, on theologic trust,  
 I know the blood about his heart  
 Is dry as dust.

ALICE CAREY.

### NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly welcome thought,  
 Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
 I'm nearer home to-day  
 Than I've ever been before ;

Nearer my Father's house  
 Where the many mansions be ;  
 Nearer the Great White Throne,  
 Nearer the Jasper Sea ;

Nearer that bound of life,  
 Where we lay our burdens down,—  
 Nearer leaving the cross,  
 Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying dimly between,  
 Winding down through the night,  
 Lies the dark and uncertain stream  
 That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dark abysm,  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism ;

Father, perfect my trust !  
Strengthen my feeble faith !  
Let me feel as I shall, when I stand  
On the shores of the river of death :—

Feel as I would, were my feet  
Even now slipping over the brink,—  
For it may be I am nearer home,  
Nearer now, than I think !

PHEBE CAREY.

#### MARTHY VIRGINIA'S HAND.

" THERE, on the left ! " said the colonel ; the battle had shuddered and faded away,  
Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes  
and blood-sprinkled clay—  
" Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where  
the enemy's sharpshooters stood.  
Lord, how they picked off our men, from the  
treacherous vantage-ground of the wood !  
But for their bullets, I'll bet, my batteries sent  
them something as good.  
Go and explore, and report to me then, and tell me  
how many we killed.  
Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance  
was duly fulfilled."

Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the  
cornfield—scarred and forlorn,  
Rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot  
that had ploughed it in scorn ;  
Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of  
his comrades crushed at a blow,  
Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined  
memorials of woe ;  
These were the men whom at daybreak he knew,  
but never again could know.  
Thence to the ridge, where roots out thrust, and  
twisted branches of trees  
Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey  
to seize.

“ What’s your report ? ” and the grim colonel  
smiled when the orderly came back at last.  
Strangely the soldier paused : “ Well, they were  
punished.” And strangely his face looked,  
aghast.  
“ Yes, our fire told on them ; knocked over fifty—  
laid out in line of parade.  
Brave fellows, Colonel, to stay as they did ! But  
one I most wished hadn’t stayed.  
Mortally wounded, he’d torn off his knapsack ;  
and then, at the end, he prayed—  
Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped ; and  
the dull, dead fingers yet held  
This little letter—his wife’s—from the knapsack.  
A pity those woods were shelled ! ”



Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes  
as his officer scanned  
Four short pages of writing. "What's this, about  
'Marthy Virginia's hand'?"  
Swift from his honeymoon he, the dead soldier, had  
gone from his bride to the strife;  
Never they met again, but she had written him,  
telling of that new life,  
Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer  
and closer to him as his wife.  
Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around  
it she traced a rude line:  
"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you  
must kiss this outline of mine."

There was the shape of the hand on the page, with  
the small, chubby fingers outspread.  
"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa,"—so the words  
on the little palm said.  
Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the  
vengeance so blindly fulfilled.  
Never again woke the old battle-glow when the  
bullets their death-note shrilled.  
Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brother-  
hood happily stilled;  
Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and  
token of love's command,  
See! there is lifted the hand of a baby—Marthy  
Virginia's hand!

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
    We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
    The grief that must have way.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
    Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
Oh let me from this day  
    Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
    My zeal inspire !  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
    A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
    Be Thou my Guide !  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
    From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour ! then in love  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
Oh bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul !

RAY PALMER.

### GOD'S GARDEN.

THE years are flowers and bloom within  
Eternity's wide garden ;  
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,  
The gardener God, to pardon  
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,  
And make them rose-like in His name.

RICHARD BURTON.

### THE FREE MIND.

HIGH walls and huge the *body* may confine,  
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,  
And massive bolts may baffle his design,  
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways :  
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control !  
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose :  
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole.  
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes !  
It leaps from mount to mount ; from vale to vale  
It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits and flowers ;

It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,  
 Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.  
 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,  
 And, in its watches, wearies every star !

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

### OPPORTUNITY.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's  
       banner  
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by  
       foes.  
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
 And thought, " Had I a sword of keener steel—  
 That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but  
       this  
 Blunt thing !"—he snapd and flung it from his hand.  
 And lowering crept away and left the field.  
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

MASKS.

A CERTAIN friend of mine, whose daily praise  
Was in the mouths of men, once startled me  
By what he said when I, like all the rest,  
Cried up his virtues and his blameless life.  
In this wise speaking: "Stop! you madden me.  
You and the crowd but look to what I do,  
And when you find me righteous and the law  
Ne'er broken, why, you make a loud acclaim,  
Holding me guiltless and a perfect man.  
But tell me, friend, whether of two is best:  
To let a spite eat slowly to the heart,  
Making no outward sign, rebelling not,  
Or, by an honest spurt of wrathful blood,  
To mass the hate of many brooding years  
Into one right-arm blow, and so be quits?  
To speak in terms immaculate and nice,  
Yet curse in speechless thoughts, to clean for-  
swear

All lewdness, yet go lusting secretly?  
To render weight for weight, yet grudge the coin  
Flung to a beggar-lad—in brief, to find  
My soul the nesting-place for divers sins,  
And still walk on in smug and seemly guise?  
I tell thee, there are times I hear a voice  
Say very clear, though softly, in myself:  
'Twere better if you sinned right openly  
Than let the vileness stew within your mind  
And pass your properness upon the world,

Knowing the while the arch hypocrisy  
 That takes the name of angel where, instead,  
 Devil hits nearer to the truth.' Ah me!"  
 Here, staying words, he sighed a heavy sigh;  
 And, musing, on I strolled, debating how  
 Mere masking tricks us all, and somewhat sad  
 To learn the inner history of one  
 Whose common title with the world was *saint*.

RICHARD BURTON.

### MORTIS DIGNITAS.

HERE lies a common man. His horny hands,  
 Crossed meekly as a maid's upon his breast,  
 Show marks of toil, and by his general dress  
 You judge him to have been an artisan.  
 Doubtless, could all his life be written out,  
 The story would not thrill nor start a tear;  
 He worked, laughed, loved, and suffered in his  
     time,  
 And now rests peacefully, with upturned face  
 Whose look belies all struggle in the past.  
 A homely tale: yet, trust me, I have seen  
 The greatest of the earth go stately by,  
 While shouting multitudes beset the way,  
 With less of awe. The gap between a king  
 And me, a nameless gazer in the crowd,  
 Seemed not so wide as that which stretches now  
 Betwixt us two, this dead one and myself.



Untitled, dumb, and deedless, yet he is  
Transfigured by a touch from out the skies  
Until he wears, with all-unconscious grace,  
The strange and sudden Dignity of Death.

RICHARD BURTON.

A BALLADE OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

INTO the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little grey leaves were kind to Him :  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When death and shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last ;  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last  
When out of the woods He came.

SIDNEY LANIER.

OUR OWN.

IF I had known in the morning  
How wearily all the day  
The words unkind  
Would trouble my mind,  
I said when you went away,  
I had been more careful, darling,  
Nor given you needless pain ;  
But we vex " our own "  
With look and tone  
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening  
You may give me the kiss of peace,  
Yet well it might be  
That never for me  
The pain of the heart should cease.  
How many go forth in the morning  
Who never come home at night ;  
And hearts have broken  
For harsh words spoken,  
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest,  
But oft for " our own "  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best.

Ah! lip with the curve impatient;  
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,  
'Twere a cruel fate  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of morn.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

### SAINT SYMPHORIEN.

(Led out to martyrdom : His mother speaking from the wall.)

SYMPHORIEN ! Symphorien !  
Look up ! the heavens are parting wide.  
He waits for thee—the Crucified.  
The pain is short, the palm is near.  
Look up ! O God ! he cannot hear,  
Symphorien ! Symphorien !  
Where is my voice ? my breath is gone :  
Symphorien ! my son, my son !  
Ah—look !—his clear eyes turn to me,  
His firm, sweet, smiling lips I see.  
God will be good to thee and me,  
Symphorien !

Dear Lord, how long I prayed for him,  
With trembling tongue, and vision dim :  
For baby hands about my breast,  
For baby kisses on it pressed !  
Thou heardest me :—this is the rest !  
Symphorien ! Symphorien !

My child! my boy! it is not much,  
 Only a sharp and sudden touch,  
 Think on the Master,—not on me :  
 Remember His long agony.  
 The lictors will be merciful,  
 The headsman's axe will not be dull,  
 Only one moment—then for thee  
 The raptures of eternity,  
                     Symphorien !

My baby ! oh, my baby boy!  
 A miracle of life and joy :  
 A rosy, careless, dimpled thing.  
 And now Dear Lord, be comforting !—  
 Martyr and saint. Let be ! let be !  
 He must not know this agony.  
 Through my heart, too, the sword hath gone.  
 Be silent lest he hear me groan—  
                     Symphorien ! Symphorien !  
 One last long look : oh saint ! my child.  
 My boy ! my own !—He turned and smiled.  
 And now behind the crowd of spears,  
 The whirling dust,—he disappears.  
                     Symphorien !

Martyr and saint ? You think I care ?  
 Oh, fools and blind ! I am his mother.  
 What ! bless the Lord and turn to prayer ?  
 He is my child—I have no other.  
 No hands to clasp, no lips to kiss.

Who talks to me of heaven's bliss?  
Symphorien! Symphorien!  
Come back! come back! Deny the Lord!  
Traitor?—Who hissed that burning word?  
I did not say it. God! be just  
I did not keep him; I am dust.  
The flesh rebels. I am his mother.  
Thou didst not give me any other.  
Thine only Son?—but I am human.  
Art thou not God?—I am a woman.  
Symphorien! Symphorien!  
Come back!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

### THE LEPER.

St. Luke. Chapter xvii.

"ROOM for the leper! Room!" And, as he came,  
The cry pass'd on—"Room for the leper!  
Room!"  
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates  
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills  
The early risen poor were coming in,  
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up  
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum  
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,  
And all that in a city murmur swells—  
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,  
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick,  
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase

The death-like images of dark away.  
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—  
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all  
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.  
And onward through the open gate he came,  
A leper with the ashes on his brow,  
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip  
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,  
And with a difficult utterance, like one  
Whose heart is like an iron nerve put down,  
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first  
Of the Judean autumn; and the leaves,  
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,  
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye  
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,  
And eminently beautiful, and life  
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,  
And sparkled in his glance: and in his mien  
There was a gracious pride that every eye  
Followed with benisons—and this was he!  
With the soft airs of summer there had come  
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed  
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast  
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs  
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.  
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;  
Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth  
Fetter'd his limbs like palsy, and his mien,

With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.  
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan  
Taking the place of the clear silver key ;  
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light  
And very air were steep'd in sluggishness.  
He strove with it a while, as manhood will,  
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein  
Slacken'd within his grasp, and in its poise  
The arrowey jeered like an aspen shook.  
Day after day, he lay as if in sleep.  
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,  
Circled with livid purple, cover'd him.  
And then his nails grew black, and fell away  
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues  
Deepen'd beneath the hard unmoistened scales,  
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,  
—And Helon was a leper !

Day was breaking,  
When at the altar of the temple stood  
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp  
Burn'd with a struggling light, and a low chant  
Swell'd through the hollow arches of the roof  
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,  
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.  
The echoes of the melancholy strain  
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up, [head  
Struggling with weakness, and bow'd down his  
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off  
His costly raiment for the leper's garb ;  
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip

Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,  
Waiting to hear his doom :—

Depart ! depart, O child  
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God !  
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod ;  
And to the desert wild,  
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,  
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart ! and come not near  
The busy mart, the crowded city, more ;  
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er ;  
And stay thou not to hear  
Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly  
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip  
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;  
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide ;  
Nor kneel thee down to dip  
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,  
By desert well or river's grassy brink ;

And pass thou not between  
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze ;  
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees  
Where human tracks are seen ;  
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,  
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart ! and when  
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,



Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him  
Who, from the tribes of men,  
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.  
Depart ! O leper ! and forget not God !

And he went forth—alone ! Not one of all  
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name  
Was woven in the fibres of his heart,  
Breaking within him now, to come and speak  
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,  
Sick, and heart broken, and alone—to die !  
For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,  
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,  
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd  
The loathsome water to his fever'd lips,  
Praying that he might be so blest—to die !  
Footsteps approach'd, and, with no strength to flee,  
He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying, " Unclean ! unclean !" and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.  
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er  
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—  
" Helon !" The voice was like the master-tone  
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;  
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And for a moment beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.

"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse  
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe  
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye  
As he beheld the stranger. He was not  
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow  
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;  
No followers at his back, nor in his hand  
Buckler, or sword, or spear,—yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled  
A kingly condescension graced His lips,  
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.  
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;  
His stature modell'd with a perfect grace;  
His countenance the impress of a God,  
Touch'd with the opening innocence of a child;  
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky  
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn  
Fell to His shoulders; and his curling beard  
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.  
He look'd on Helon earnestly awhile,  
As if His heart were moved, and stooping down  
He took a little water in His hand  
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"  
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood  
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,  
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow  
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.  
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down  
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipp'd Him.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE MAIN TRUCK OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,  
In the harbor of Mahon ;  
A dead calm rested on the bay—  
The waves to sleep had gone ;  
When little Hal the captain's son,  
A lad both brave and good,  
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,  
And on the main truck stood !  
  
A shudder shot through every vein—  
All eyes were turned on high !  
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,  
Between the sea and sky ;  
No hold had he above, below ;  
Alone he stood in air :  
To that far height none dared to go—  
No aid could reach him there.  
  
We gazed, but not a man could speak,  
With horror all aghast—  
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,  
We watched the quivering mast.  
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,  
And of a lurid hue ;—  
As riveted unto the spot,  
Stood officers and crew.  
  
The father came on deck :—he gasped,  
" Oh, God ; thy will be done ! "

Then suddenly a rifle grasped,  
 And aimed it at his son.  
 "Jump, far out, boy, into the wave !  
 Jump or I fire," he said ;  
 "That only chance your life can save ;  
 Jump, jump, boy !" He obeyed.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved—  
 And for the ship struck out.  
 On board we hailed the lad beloved,  
 With many a manly shout.  
 His father drew, in silent joy,  
 Those wet arms round his neck,  
 And folded to his heart his boy—  
 Then fainted on the deck.

ANON.

#### THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armor drest,  
 Comest to daunt me !  
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretch'd, as if asking alms ;  
 Why dost thou haunt me ? "

Then from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seem'd to rise,  
 As when the Northern skies  
 Gleams in December ;

And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
    From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
    No Saga taught thee!  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man's curse;  
    For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
    Tamed the ger-falcon;  
And, with my skates fast bound,  
Skimm'd the half-frozen sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
    Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
Track'd I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
    Fled like a shadow;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Follow'd the were-wolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
    Sang from the meadow.

" But when I older grew,  
 Joining a corsair's crew,  
 O'er the dark sea I flew  
     With the marauders,  
 Wild was the life we led ;  
 Many the souls that sped,  
 Many the hearts that bled,  
     By our stern orders.

" Many a wassail-bout  
 Wore the long winter out ;  
 Often our midnight shout  
     Set the cocks crowing,  
 As we the Berserk's tale  
 Measured in cups of ale,  
 Draining the oaken pail,  
     Fill'd to o'erflowing.

" Once as I told in glee  
 Tales of the stormy sea,  
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
     Burning, yet tender ;  
 And as the white stars shine  
 On the dark Norway pine,  
 On that dark heart of mine  
     Fell their soft splendor.

" I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,  
 Yielding, yet half afraid,  
 And in the forest's shade  
     Our vows were plighted.

Under its loosen'd vest  
Flutter'd her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory ;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I ask'd his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd,  
Loud then the champion laugh'd,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blush'd and smiled,  
I was discarded !  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded ?

" Scarce had I put to sea,  
 Bearing the maid with me,  
 Fairest of all was she  
     Among the Norsemen !  
 When on the white sea-strand,  
 Waving his armed hand,  
 Saw we old Hildebrand,  
     With twenty horsemen.

" Then launched they to the blast,  
 Bent like a reed each mast,  
 Yet we were gaining fast,  
     When the wind fail'd us ;  
 And with a sudden flaw  
 Came round the gusty Skaw,  
 So that our foe we saw  
     Laugh as he hail'd us.

" And as to catch the gale  
 Round veer'd the flapping sail,  
 ' Death ' ! was the helmsman's hail,  
     ' Death without quarter ' !  
 Mid-ships with iron keel  
 Struck we her ribs of steel,  
 Down her black hulk did reel  
     Through the black water !

" As with his wings aslant,  
 Sails the fierce cormorant,  
 Seeking some rocky haunt,  
     With his prey laden,—



So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o’er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward ;  
There for my lady’s bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward.

“ There lived we many years ;  
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother ;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne’er shall the sun arise  
On such another !

“ Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men,  
The sunlight hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
Oh, death was grateful !

" Thus, seam'd with many scars,  
 Bursting these prison-bars,  
 Up to its native stars  
     My soul ascended !  
 There from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland ! *skoal!* "  
 Thus the tale ended.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### A LITTLE STORY.

ALONE, unwedded, past her prime,  
 Her faded face still wore a smile,  
 As if some secret, sweet and dear,  
     She knew, and brooded on the while—  
 Some hidden joy that kept life fair,  
 And lifted her above despair.

Ah me, you could not guess the dream  
 She cherished in her maiden heart.  
 Once to have voiced it would have been  
     To make her wintry life-blood start  
 Up, till the wrinkled cheeks aflame  
 Glowed with virgin's piteous shame.

Long years ago she loved, and then—  
     Who knows ?—he died, or proved untrue,

And so she lived a maiden still,  
He never wed who rode to woo  
Through soft spring mornings long ago,  
And Time had blurred her ancient woe.

But when the day was sunk in night,  
Close by the embers of her fire  
She sat and rocked, and to herself  
Feigned that she had her heart's desire.  
'T was then that on her withered breast  
A little dream-child took its rest.

How sweet to raise a quavering voice,  
And sing a tender lullaby ;  
To feel its head against her neck,  
And softly soothe its noiseless cry !  
It made her life so bright and glad—  
That little child she might have had !

Her heart was full of motherhood ;  
Its yearnings all had been denied.  
She fed its hunger with a dream,  
And smiled when others might have sighed ;  
And in the little dream-child's face  
A likeness vague she loved to trace.

Nay, do not smile : our dreams are coarse,—  
Of gold or fame we could not win,—  
Hers was divine ; I love to think  
Of that bent figure, worn and thin,  
By flickering firelight, wholly blest,  
Holding her dream-child on her breast.

I think in wondrous Heaven, where  
 The good God makes our hopes come true,  
 He may give back my love to me,  
 He may give back your youth to you.  
 But for that maiden undefiled  
 I know he has a little child.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

### THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,  
 Not a soul would dare to sleep,—  
 It was midnight on the waters  
 And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in Winter  
 To be shattered by the blast,  
 And to hear the rattling trumpet  
 Thunder : " Cut away the mast ! "

So we shuddered there in silence,—  
 For the stoutest held his breath,  
 While the hungry sea was roaring,  
 And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
 Each one busy in his prayers,  
 " We are lost ! " the captain shouted  
 As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
 As she took his icy hand :

"Isn't God upon the ocean  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:

"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ; [steed,  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be ?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be ?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be ?"

But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Look soft as carded wool,

But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### THE LAST RESERVATION.

"The removal of Sitting Bull and his tribe was successfully accomplished. A squaw of the tribe, made desperate by the removal, killed her baby and committed suicide."—

*(Associated Press Dispatch.)*

SULLEN and dull, in the September day,  
On the bank of the river  
They waited the boat that should bear them away  
From their poor homes forever.



For progress strides on, and the order had gone  
To these wards of the nation,  
“Give us land and more room,” was the cry, “and  
move on  
To the next reservation.”

With her babe, she looked back at the home 'neath  
the trees  
From which they were driven,  
Where the smoke of the last camp fire, borne on  
the breeze,  
Rose slowly toward heaven.

Behind her, fair fields, and the forest and glade,  
The home of her nation;  
Around her, the gleam of the bayonet and blade  
Of civilization.

Clasping close to her bosom the small dusky form,  
With tender caressing,  
She bent down, on the cheek of her babe soft and  
warm  
A mother's kiss pressing.

There's a splash in the river—the column moves on,  
Close-guarded and narrow,  
With hardly more note of the two that are gone  
Than the fall of a sparrow.

Only an Indian! Wretched, obscure,  
To refinement a stranger,  
And a babe, that was born, in a wigwam as poor  
And rude as a manger.

Moved on—to make room for the growth in the  
 West  
 Of a brave Christian nation,  
 Moved on—and, thank God, forever at rest  
 In the last reservation.

WALTER LEARNED.

### BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee  
 On a stallion shod with fire ;  
 And the winds are left behind  
 In the speed of my desire.  
 Under the window I stand,  
 And the midnight hears my cry ;  
 I love thee, I love but thee,  
 With a love that shall not die  
 Till the sun grows cold,  
 And the stars are old,  
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book  
 unfold !

Look from thy window and see  
 My passion and my pain ;  
 I lie on the sands below,  
 And I faint in thy disdain.  
 Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
 With the heat of my burning sigh,  
 And melt thee to hear my vow  
 Of a love that shall not die

Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old, [unfold !  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book

My steps are nightly driven  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment Book  
unfold !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

ALEC. DUNHAM'S BOAT.

THERE she lies at her moorings,  
The little two-master,  
Answering not now  
The call of disaster,  
Loose swings the rudder,  
Unshipped the tiller—  
Crossing the Bar so,  
One sea would fill her !  
Foresail and mainsail  
In loose folds are lying,  
Naked the mastheads are—  
No pennon flying ;

Seaweed and wreck  
 Alike may drift past her :  
 Here lies the pilot boat—  
 Where is her master ?

Lantern at Great Point,  
 Bright it burneth ;  
 Beacon on Brant Point,  
 The signal returneth.  
 Far out to sea  
 Sankoty flashes :  
 White on the shore  
 The crested wave dashes.

Strident Northeaster  
 And smoky Sou'wester  
 Call for the pilot boat,  
 Eager to test her.  
 And a ship on the bar,  
 Just where the waves cast her !  
 Moored lies the pilot boat—  
 Where is her master ?

Oh, bark driving in,  
 God send that you lee get,  
 Past Tuckernuck Shoals,  
 The reefs of Muskeget.  
 There go the minute guns ;  
 Now faster and faster—  
 But no more to their aid  
 Flies the little two-master.

For the pilot one night  
Left his boat as you see her—  
Light moored, that if signal came  
He ready might free her.  
But not from her moorings  
Did the pilot's hand cast her,  
Though a signal he answered—  
One set by the Master.

Gone, say you, and whither ?  
You ask me which way  
Went good pilot as ever  
Brought ship into bay ?  
Who shall say how he cast off,  
If to starboard or larboard ?  
But of one thing I'm sure—  
The pilot's safe harbored !

CHAS. HENRY WEBB.

#### DYING IN HARNESS.

ONLY a fallen horse, stretched out there on the  
road,  
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by  
the heavy load ;  
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes  
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the  
beast to rise.  
Hold ! for his toil is over—no more labor for him ;  
See the poor neck out stretched, and the patient  
eyes grow dim ;

See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the  
head—

Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to  
be dead ;

After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie  
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—wait-  
ing only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts  
and straps—

Fell, and the burden killed him : one of the day's  
mishaps—

One of the passing wonders marking the city road—  
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps  
awhile,

What is the symbol ? Only death—why should we  
cease to smile

At death for a beast of burden ? On, through the  
busy street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the  
hurrying feet.

What was the sign ? A symbol to touch the tire-  
less will ?

Does He who taught in parables speak in parables  
still ?

The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts  
of men,

That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor  
and sleep—and then—  
Then for the prize !—A crowd in the street of ever  
echoing tread—  
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in  
his harness—dead !

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Arno shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim,  
The father was of Tuscan song !  
There but the burning sense of wrong,  
Perpetual care and scorn, abide ;  
Small friendship for the lordly throng,  
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
No dream his life was—but a fight ;  
Could any Beatrice see  
A lover in that anchorite ?  
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame ?

The lips as Cumae's cavern close,  
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,

Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unsullied still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look  
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
With no companion save his book,  
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade ;  
Where as the Benedictine laid  
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,  
The single boon for which he prayed  
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose ;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine—  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all  
The tyrant canker-worms of earth ;  
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,  
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth ;  
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth ;  
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime ;  
But valiant souls of kingly worth  
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.



O Time ! whose verdicts mock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou ;  
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,  
Is Latium's other Virgil now :  
Before his name the nations bow ;  
His words are parcel of mankind,  
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THOMAS W. PARSONS.

### DECEMBER.

ICE everywhere ! The skater's iron heel  
Scars the gleb plain with many a curious score,  
Which to essay, with quips untried before,  
Brings the crank urchin sudden woes to feel !  
Down ring the daggered icicles like steel,  
As the chill chore-boy opes the stable door,  
While Dobbin whinnies for his morning meal.  
Frost lords it o'er the scene and more and more,  
Grimly prevails. The landscape glints with ice—  
Where woodland streams from the hoar precipice  
Leap and congeal ; or where, a silver thread—  
The joyless brook pines in its frozen bed ;  
Or where by drifted roads the sign board  
stands,  
Stretching toward the sun its ice-mailed  
hands !

H. S. CORNWELL.

### JANUARY.

NOT yet will Cold, the tyrant, abdicate  
 His icy throne, but, ruthless and austere,  
 Sways his sad scepter o'er the frozen year,  
 Triumphant, and exults in barren state.  
 Dispirited and all exanimate  
 The ravaged woods and silent fields appear,  
 Save where, by stubbed uplands, bleak and sere,  
 The starving crow calls harshly to his mate.  
 Yet faithful Nature's secret even now  
 Stirs in her bosom. From the hollow bough  
 Chatters the squirrel, certain that at length  
 The hickory groves to newer gloss shall grow  
 For yet the grass is green beneath the snow,  
 And the glad sun rejoices in his strength !

H. S. CORNWELL.

### FEBRUARY.

THE last of Winter's melancholy train  
 Of shivering effigies, abject and bent,  
 Like some hard prince, scourged to his banish-  
 ment,  
 Gray February gropes across the plain.  
 Pinched is his figure, yet the frozen rain  
 Gems his blown robes with rough embellish-  
 ment,  
 Concealing so, full many a piteous rent,  
 By rude winds made, that urge him on amain.

So, fierce and blustering tyrant, vanisheth  
Thy kingdom like a dream ! No requiem,  
Breeze-borne, for thee, laments along the land,  
For lo, behind thee, one whose gentler breath  
Fast thaws thy diamond-frosted diadem—  
Trips radiant, with a crocus in her hand !

H. S. CORNWELL.

### MAY.

COME walk with me along this willowed lane,  
Where, like lost coinage from some miser's  
store,  
The golden dandelions more and more  
Glow, as the warm sun kisses them again !  
For this is May ! who with a daisy chain  
Leads on the laughing Hours ; for now is o'er  
Long winter's trance. No longer rise and roar  
His forest-wrenching blasts. The hopeful swain,  
Along the furrow, sings behind his team ;  
Loud pipes the redbreast—troubadour of spring,  
And vocal all the morning copses ring ;  
More blue the skies in lucent lakelets gleam ;  
And the glad earth, caressed by murmuring  
showers,  
Wakes like a bride, to deck herself with flowers !

H. S. CORNWELL.

### A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er  
 With many a brilliant color ;  
 The world is brighter than before,—  
 Why should our hearts be duller ?  
 Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,  
 Sad thoughts and sunny weather !  
 Ah me ! this glory and this grief  
 Agree not well together.

This is the parting season,—this  
 The time when friends are flying ;  
 And lovers now, with many a kiss,  
 Their long farewells are sighing.  
 Why is Earth so gayly dressed ?  
 This pomp, that Autumn beareth,  
 A funeral seems where every guest  
 A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here,  
 On some blue morn hereafter,  
 Return to view the gaudy year,  
 But not with boyish laughter.  
 We shall then be wrinkled men,  
 Our brows with silver laden,  
 And thou this glen may'st seek again,  
 But nevermore a maiden !

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring  
 Will touch her teeming bosom,

And that a few brief months will bring  
The bird, the bee, the blossom ;  
Ah ! these forests do not know—  
Or would less brightly wither—  
The virgin that adores them so  
Will nevermore come hither !

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

### JUNE IN JANUARY.

I GLANCED through the curtain's fold,  
Out in the chill-blue night,  
On the orchard snugly rolled  
In its coverlet of white.

I see no swaying nest  
On the limb of any tree :  
Not a leaf, as the wind from the west  
Stirs the branches tremblingly.

O Sight's strange witchery !  
I watch from my cosy room,  
And see the moon sleep peacefully  
On the apple-tree in bloom.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

### THE SUMMER SHOWER.

BEFORE the stout harvesters falleth the grain,  
 As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the  
 plain,  
 And loiters the boy in the briery lane ;  
 But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,  
 Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and  
 tall.

Adown the white highway like cavalry fleet,  
 It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.  
 Like a murmurless school in their leafy re-  
 treat,  
 The wild birds sit listening, the drops round  
 them beat ;  
 And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their  
 wing.  
 And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers,  
 sing ;  
 Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the  
 spring,  
 While a bubble darts up from each widening  
 ring ;  
 And the boy in dismay hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing their  
 sheaves ;  
 The robin darts out from his bower of leaves ;

The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered  
eaves ;  
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly per-  
ceives  
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### IN JUNE.

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,  
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see ;  
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going  
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,  
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere ;  
So sweet the water's song through reeds and  
rushes,  
The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover,  
The west wind blowing, blowing up the hill ;  
So sweet, so sweet with news of someone's lover  
Fleet footsteps, ringing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes ;  
Now plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear ;

And, water, hush your song through reeds and  
rushes,  
That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,  
Plover or blackbird never heeding me ;  
So loud the millstream too kept fretting, falling,  
O'er bar and bank in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud, so loud ; yet blackbird, thrush, nor plover,  
Nor noisy millstream, in its fret and fall,  
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,  
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down, come down!" he called, and  
straight the thrushes  
From mate to mate sang all at once, "Come  
down!"  
And while the water laughed through reeds and  
rushes,  
The blackbird chirped, the plover piped, "Come  
down!"

Then down and off, and through the fields of  
clover,  
I followed, followed at my lover's call ;  
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush, or plover,  
The water's laugh, the millstream's fret and fall.

NORA PERRY.



BACCHUS.

LISTEN to the tawny thief,  
Hid behind the waxen leaf,  
Growling at his fairy host,  
Bidding her with angry boast  
Fill his cup with wine distilled  
From the dews the dawn has spilled :  
Stored away in golden casks  
Is the precious draught he asks.

Who,—who makes this mimic din  
In this mimic meadow inn,  
Sings in such a drowsy note,  
Wears a golden belted coat ;  
Loiters in the dainty room  
Of this tavern of perfume ;  
Dares to linger at the cup  
Till the yellow sun is up ?

Bacchus, 'tis, come back again  
To the busy haunts of men ;  
Garlanded and gayly dressed,  
Bands of gold about his breast ;  
Straying from his paradise,  
Having pinons angel-wise, —  
'Tis the honey-bee, who goes  
Reveling within a rose !

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of  
the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn  
leaves lie dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's  
tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all  
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-  
hood?

Alas ! they all are in their graves ; the gentle race  
of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good  
of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold  
November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely  
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long  
ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the  
summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the  
wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn  
beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as  
falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from  
upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still  
such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their  
winter home ;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though  
all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the  
rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose  
fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the  
stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful  
beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by  
my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest  
cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life  
so brief ;

Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
 friend of ours,  
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
 flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### WINTER STARLIGHT.

THE air is keen, the sky is clear,  
 The winds have gone in whispers down ;  
 And gleaming in the atmosphere,  
 A jewel, lies the lighted town,

The winter's mantle stretches white  
 Upon the roofs and streets below ;  
 All hushed the noises of the night,  
 Against the bosom of the snow.

The moon from her blue dwelling-place  
 Smiles over all, so pale, so fair,  
 It seems the Earth's wan, winter face  
 Reflected in a mirror there.

Far off the lonely trees uplift  
 Their naked branches, like the spars  
 Of some deserted ship adrift  
 Under a canopy of stars.

It is the darkened world that rides  
 The sea of space, forever drawn  
 By secret winds and mighty tides  
 Unto the harbor of the Dawn.

FRANK D. SHERMAN.

IN SOLITUDE.

SOMETIMES at lonely dead of night  
Weird sounds assail the ear,  
And in our hearts is cold affright  
To think a ghost is near,  
  
Why should we feel swift through us thrill  
A sense of awe and dread ?  
It is the living works us ill,  
And not the peaceful dead !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A SHADOW BOAT.

UNDER my keel another boat  
Sails as I sail, floats as I float ;  
Silent and dim and mystic still,  
It steals through that weird nether-world,  
Mocking my power, though at my will  
The foam before its prow is curled,  
Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.  
  
Vainly I peer, and fain would see  
What phantom in that boat may be ;  
Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth  
Some ghost of my dead past divine,  
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,  
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine  
Would draw me downward through the brine !

ARLO BATES.

## THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language ; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon.  
The oak shall send his roots abroad, and pierce  
thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods ; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green ; and, pour'd round  
all,

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there :  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—  
Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and  
soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE PETRIFIED FERN.

IN a valley, centuries ago,  
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,  
Veining delicate and fibres tender ;  
Waving when the wind crept down so low ;  
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,  
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,  
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,  
But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;  
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,  
Stately forests waved their giant branches,  
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,  
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;  
Nature revelled in grand mysteries ;  
But the little fern was not of these,  
Did not number with the hills and trees,  
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,  
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,  
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion  
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;  
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,  
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,  
Covered it, and hid it safe away.

O, the long, long centuries since that day !  
 O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,  
 Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ! Lost ! There came a thoughtful man  
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep ;  
 From a fissure in a rocky steep  
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran  
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,  
 Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,  
 And the fern's life lay in every line !  
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,  
 Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

#### TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day  
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
 On the chafed ocean side ?

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There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast.  
The desert and illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallow'd up thy form ; yet, on my heart,  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE FALL OF NIAGARA,

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my  
brain,

While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
And hung his bow upon thine awful front; [him  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters"; and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.  
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
O! what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him.  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

"THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUN-  
SET NEAR."

THE wind from out the west is blowing,  
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing,  
Dark grows the pine-woods, dark and drear,—  
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,  
Far off its fading glory shines,  
Far off, sublime, and full of fear—  
The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,  
This, dear one, is our home, our rest ;  
Yonder the stormy sea, and here  
The woods that bring the sunset near.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

### MY OWL.

OF manners and tricks, as erratic  
As ever a bird's may be,  
Is the brown owl I keep in my attic,  
As a quiet companion for me.

He perches all day on a rafter,  
Staring down with his great round eyes ;  
And excites my inordinate laughter  
He looks so important and wise !

I have watched him for whole hours together,  
This dignified judge of a bird,  
Fluttering never a feather,  
Nor uttering ever a word.

But he sits there winking and blinking,  
Not an inch from his post will he stir  
Until sunset ; most probably thinking  
Of the jolly old days that were—

Of the Naugatuck woods, and the thicket,  
Where the little birds tasted so nice ;  
When the world didn't seem half so wicked,  
And barns were o'errunning with mice.

But at night, like the grimmest of sentries,  
At the time of the flitting of bats,  
He patrols through the garrets and entries,  
And arrests all the vagabond rats.

It may seem to you lonely, but surely  
Our life is of comfort the type ;  
He munches his mutton demurely,  
While I am enjoying my pipe,

Of love I have witnessed the folly,  
And experienced the baseness of man :  
The secret of life is—be jolly,  
Read Dickens, and sleep when you can !

So I say, let the world with its trouble  
Drift on, for its cares we defy ;  
From our garret it seems but a bubble,  
To my little brown owl and I.

HENRY S. CORNWELL.

#### THE DANDELIONS.

UPON a showery night and still,  
Without a sound of warning,  
A trooper band surprised the hill,  
And held it in the morning.



We were not waked by bugle-notes,  
No cheer our dreams invaded,  
And yet at dawn, their yellow coats  
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot ;  
Till one day, idly walking,  
We marked upon the self-same spot  
A crowd of veterans talking.  
They shook their trembling heads and grey  
With pride and noiseless laughter ;  
When, well-a-day ! they blew away,  
And ne'er were heard of after !

HELEN GRAY CONE.

#### THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;—  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone !  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines :  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion !  
Sailor of the atmosphere,  
Swimmer through the waves of air,

Voyager of light and noon,  
 Epicurean of June,  
 Wait, I prithee, till I come  
 Within earshot of thy hum,—  
 All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,  
 With a net of shining haze  
 Silvers the horizon wall ;  
 And, with softness touching all,  
 Tints the human countenance  
 With the color of romance ;  
 And infusing subtle heats  
 Turns the sod to violets,—  
 Thou in sunny solitudes,  
 Rover of the underwoods,  
 The green silence dost displace  
 With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,  
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
 Tells of countless sunny hours,  
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;  
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
 In Indian wildernesses found ;  
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
 Firmest cheer and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
 Hath my insect never seen ;  
 But violets, and bilberry bells,  
 Maple sap, and daffodils,

Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern, and agrimony,  
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,  
And brier-roses, dwelt among :  
All beside was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he pass'd.  
Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breech'd philosopher !  
Seeing only what is fair,  
    Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
    Leave the chaff and take the wheat.

When the fierce north-western blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep ;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### A WOODLAND TRAGEDY.

A ROSE leaned over a woodland pool,  
With its own imaged beauty thrilling ;  
So self-entranced, it had no eye  
For daffodilly or lily cool,  
Or bending grasses or dragon-fly  
On wings of opal flitting by,  
Or clouds the heavens filling.

There strayed a maiden the woodland through,  
 Her image in that mirror flinging.  
 The roses's blissful dreams swift fled ;  
 Its beauty far outshone it knew ;  
 Shivered in all its petals red  
 And on the pool their richness shed.—  
 The maiden passed on singing.

ARLO BATES.

### A TOAD.

BLUE dusk, that brings the dewy hours,  
 Brings thee, of graceless form in sooth,  
 Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers,  
 Flaccid, inert, uncouth.

Right ill can human wonder guess  
 Thy meaning or thy mission here,  
 Gray lump of mottled clamminess,  
 With that preposterous leer !

But I meet thy dull bulk where  
 Luxurious roses bend and burn,  
 Or some slim lily lifts to air  
 Its frail and fragrant urn,

Of these, among the garden ways,  
 So grim a watcher dost thou seem  
 That I with meditative gaze,  
 Look down on thee and dream,

Of thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,  
That squat in hideous dumb repose,  
And guard the drowsy ladies in  
Their still seraglios!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

### WILD ROSES.

ON long, serene midsummer days  
Of ripening fruit and yellow grain,  
How sweetly, by dim woodland ways,  
In tangled hedge or leafy lane,  
Fair wild rose thickets, you unfold  
Those pale pink stars with hearts of gold!

Your sleek patrician sisters dwell  
On lawns where gleams the shrub's trim bosk,  
In terraced gardens, tended well,  
Near pebbled walk and quaint kiosk.  
In costliest urns their colors rest ;  
They beam on beauty's fragrant breast !

But you in lowly calm abide,  
Scarce heeded save by breeze or bee ;  
You know what splendor, pomp and pride  
Full oft your brilliant sisters see ;  
What sorrow too, and bitter fears ;  
What mad farewells and hopeless tears !

How some are kept in old, dear books,  
 That once in bridal wreaths were worn ;  
 How some are kissed, with tender looks,  
 And later tossed aside with scorn ;  
 How some their taintless petals lay  
 On icy foreheads, pale as they !

So, while these truths you vaguely guess,  
 Abloom in many a lonesome spot,  
 Shy roadside roses, may you bless  
 The fate that rules your modest lot,  
 Like rustic maids that meekly stand  
 Below the ladies of their land !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

### THE CRICKETS.

PIPE, little minstrels of the waning year,  
 In gentle concert pipe !  
 Pipe the warm noons ; the mellow harvest near ;  
 The apples dropping ripe ;

The tempered sunshine, and the softened shade ;  
 The trill of lonely bird ;  
 The sweet, sad hush on Nature's gladness laid ;  
 The sounds through silence heard !

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year ;  
 The summer's brief reprieve ;  
 The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear ;  
 The chill of morn and eve !

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year ;  
Pipe low the painless pain ;  
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer ;  
The year is on the wane.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

### THE PHOEBE-BIRD.

YES, I was wrong about the phoebe-bird,  
Two songs it has, and both of them I've heard :  
I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow  
Came from one throat, or that each note could  
borrow

Strength from the other, making one more brave,  
And one as sad as rain-drops on a grave.

But thus it is. Two songs have men and maidens :  
One is for hey day ; one is sorrow's cadence.  
Our voices vary with the changing seasons  
Of life's long year, for deep and natural reasons.

Therefore despair not. Think not you have  
altered,

If, at some time, the gayer note has faltered,  
We are as God has made us. Gladness, pain,  
Delight and death, and moods of bliss or bane,  
With love, and hate, or good, and evil—all,  
At separate times, in separate accents call ;  
Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast  
That gives an impulse to our worst and best,  
I doubt not when our earthly cries are ended,  
The Listener finds them in one music blended.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the  
     way,  
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold !  
     First pledge of blithesome May,  
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold—  
     High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
     Which not the rich earth's ample round  
 May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me  
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish  
     prow  
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas ;  
     Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease.  
     'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters  
     now  
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand ;  
     Though most hearts never understand  
 To take it at God's value, but pass by  
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;  
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ;  
     The eyes thou givest me  
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time ;  
     Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee



Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment  
In the white lily's breezy tint,  
His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,  
Where as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—  
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue,  
That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,  
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth  
move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with  
thee ;  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,  
Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long ;  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing  
With news from heaven, which he did bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,  
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.  
How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !  
Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
     Did we but pay the love we owe,  
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
 On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,  
     One little sandpiper and I;  
 And fast I gather bit by bit,  
     The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.  
 The wild waves reach their heads for it,  
     The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
 As up and down the beach we flit—  
     One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
     Scud black and swift across the sky;  
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
     Stand out the white light-houses high.  
 Almost as far as eye can reach  
     I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
 As fast we flit along the beach—  
     One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along  
     Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;  
 He starts not at my fitful song,  
     Or flash of fluttering drapery;

He has no thought of any wrong,  
He scans me with a fearless eye ;  
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
When the loose storm breaks furiously ?  
My driftwood fire will burn so bright ;  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?  
I do not fear for thee though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky ;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper and I.

CELIA THAXTER.

#### THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,  
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,  
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,  
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For from us, ere the day was done,  
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill tops glorified.

A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day, without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom ;  
 With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,  
 The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,  
 We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun ;  
 We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore  
 Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And still our beating hearts to hear  
 The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;  
 The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,  
 A long slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;  
 It bridged the shady stream with gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied  
 The shadowy with the sunlit side !

" So," prayed we, " when our feet draw near  
 The river, dark with mortal fear,

" And the night cometh, chill with dew,  
 O Father ! let thy light break through !

"So let the hills of doubt divide,  
To bridge with faith the sunless tide !

"So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On thy eternal hills look forth !

" And in thy beckoning angels know  
The dear ones that we loved below."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE SONG OF THE VANE.

THERE'S a gilded vane on the tall church spire,  
Which glows by day like a hand of fire.  
When slowly fades the lingering light,  
And the setting sun has said good-night  
To roof, and turret, and window-pane,  
He lingers a moment and kisses the vane ;  
And at morn, when the town in shadow lies,  
It catches the flush of the eastern skies,  
And it glistens and gleams in the first bright ray  
That heralds the dawn of hastening day.  
All day over river and field it looks down  
Like a silent sentinel guarding the town,  
To watch, and to warn, if danger there be,  
Threatening the folk by land or sea.  
Over land and sea all day it peers,  
And its gilded finger points and veers :  
    This is the way, it seems to say,  
    From over the hills, and far away,  
    The wind is coming to town to-day.

Orient, odorous, spice-laden air,  
Sweet as the breath of a maiden fair,  
And warm as love's first ardent vow ;  
From orange grove and blossoming bough,  
From palms where chattering apes have swung,  
And parrots, unlearned in the human tongue,  
Their loves in a softer speech have told,  
Where humming-birds, flaming in scarlet and gold,  
And broad-billed toucan, and cockatoo,  
Are brooding and building the whole year  
through,—  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The south wind is coming to town to-day.

Fresh from fields of golden grain  
That have surged and tossed, like a rolling main  
Whose peaceful billows come and go,  
Till the hand of the reaper lays them low,  
Breathing the smoke that he caught as he went,  
Over Indian's camp, and miner's tent,  
From quiet pools, where the specked trout lies,  
And foaming streams where the salmon rise,  
From rocky cañon, and prairie wide,  
From trackless forest, and mountain side,—  
From over the hills, and far away,  
The west wind is coming to town to-day.

Wrapped in fog and mist is he,  
And his breath is damp with the salt, salt sea,  
Dull, leaden clouds are in his train,  
And the rain-drops plash on the window-pane ;

From sandy beach, and wreck-strewn shore,  
From the troubled ocean where tempests roar,  
And laboring ships beat on their way,  
With bending masts that creak and sway,  
Where the stormy petrel flies skimming past,  
And the sea-gull screams as he breasts the blast,—  
    From over the hills, and far away,  
    The east wind is coming to town to-day.

Cold and chill as the hand of death,  
The bright flowers drooped as they felt his breath;  
He told his tale to the rain-cloud's ear,  
And it paled, and whitened to snow with fear;  
The clambering vine he roughly wooed,  
And it blushes and faints at a touch so rude;  
From frozen fields, and a land of snow,  
From the ice-built hut of the Esquimaux,  
Where the threatening bergs the secret keep  
Of an unplowed ocean, an unknown deep,—  
    From over the hills, and far away,  
    The north wind is coming to town to-day.

So all day long the vane looks down  
On the roofs of the quaint, old-fashioned town;  
So all day long it shifts and veers,  
And north, south, east and west it peers:  
    This is the way, it seems to say,  
    From over the hills, and far away,  
    The wind is coming to town to-day.

WALTER LEARNED.

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,  
Sails the unshadow'd main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!  
And every chamber'd cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies reveal'd,—  
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born



Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice  
that sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE LABOURER,

STAND up—erect ! Thou hast the form,  
And likeness of thy God !—who more ?  
A soul as dauntless mid the storm  
Of daily life, a heart as warm  
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then ?—Thou art as true a man  
As moves the human mass among ;  
As much a part of the great plan  
That with Creation's dawn began,  
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy ? the high  
In station, or in wealth the chief ?  
The great, who coldly pass thee by,  
With proud step and averted eye ?  
Nay ! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?  
 A feather, which thou mightest cast  
 Aside, as idly as the blast  
 The light leaf from the tree.

No :—uncurb'd passions, low desires,  
 Absence of noble self-respect,  
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,  
 To that high nature which aspires  
 Forever, till thus check'd ;

These are thine enemies—thy worst ;  
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot :  
 Thy labour and thy life accursed.  
 O, stand erect ! and from them burst !  
 And longer suffer not !

Thou art thyself thine enemy !  
 The great !—what better they than thou ?  
 As theirs, is not thy will as free ?  
 Has God with equal favors thee  
 Neglected to endow ?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust !  
 Nor place—uncertain as the wind !  
 But that thou hast, which, with thy crust  
 And water, may despise the lust  
 Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,  
True faith, and holy trust in God,  
Thou art the peer of any man.  
Look up, then : that thy little span  
Of life may be well trod !

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

### HOLIDAY HOME.

WHEN the Autumn winds nip all the hill-grasses  
brown,  
And sad the last breath of the Summer in town,  
When the waves have a chill, with a spicing of  
salt,  
Then I slip the dull burdens of Duty's employ—  
New London, New London, New London ahoy !

There the latch-string is out, there's a hand at the  
door,  
There are kindest faces so kindly before—  
Ah, the song takes a lilt, and the words trip with  
joy,  
For New London, New London, New London  
ahoy !

When the Winter lies white on the roofs of the  
town,  
A sound's in my heart that no storm-wind can  
drown ;  
Through the mist and the rain, and the sleet and  
the snow,

My memory murmurs a melody low,  
 Like the swing of a song through the brain of a  
                  boy—  
 New London, New London, New London ahoy !

H. C. BUNNER.

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME,

WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,  
          Far, far away  
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,  
          Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
 All up and down de whole creation,  
          Sadly I roam,  
 Still longing for de old plantation,  
          And for de old folks at home.  
 All de world am sad and dreary,  
          Ebry where I roam.  
 Oh ! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
          Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd,  
          When I was young ;  
 Den many happy days I squander'd,  
          Many de songs I sung.  
 When I was playing wid my brudder,  
          Happy was I,  
 Oh ! take me to my kind old mudder,  
          Dere let me live and die.

All de world am sad and dreary,  
Ebry where I roam.  
Oh ! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folks at home.

One little hut among de bushes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove.  
When will I see de bees a humming,  
All round de comb ?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming  
Down in my good old home ?  
All de world am sad and dreary,  
Ebry where I roam.  
Oh ! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folks at home.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

#### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay ;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright,  
By'm by, hard times comes a knocking at the door.  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night !  
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore ;

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
 On the bench by the old cabin door.  
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
 With sorrow where all was delight ;  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
 Wherever the darkey may go ;  
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end  
 In the field where the sugar-canec grow ;  
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
 No matter, 'twill never be light,  
 A few more days till we totter on the road,  
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night !

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

#### NEAR THE LAKE.

NEAR the lake where droop'd the willow,  
 Long time ago !  
 Where the rock threw back the billow,  
 Brighter than snow ;  
 Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,  
 By high and low ;  
 But with autumn's leaf she perished,  
 Long time ago !

Rock and tree and flowing water,  
 Long time ago !  
 Bee and bird and blossom taught her  
 Love's spell to know !

While to my fond words she listened,  
Murmuring low,  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened  
Long time ago !

Mingled were our hearts for ever !  
Long time ago !  
Can I now forget her ?—Never !  
No, lost one, no !  
To her grave these tears are given,  
Ever to flow ;  
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,  
Long time ago !

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

#### MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

ROUND de meadows am a ringing,  
De darkey's mournful song,  
While de mocking bird am singing,  
Happy as de day am long.  
Where de ivy am a creeping  
O'er de grassy mound,  
Dare old massa am asleeping,  
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.  
Down in de cornfield,  
Hear dat mournful sound :  
All the darkeys am a weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves am falling,  
When de days are cold,  
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,  
Cayse he was so weak and old.  
Now de orange trees am blooming,  
On de sandy shore,  
Now de summer days am coming,  
Massa nebber calls no more.  
Down in de cornfield,  
Hear dat mournful sound :  
All the darkeys am a weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

Massa make de darkeys love him,  
Cayse he was so kind,  
Now, dey sadly weep above him,  
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.  
I cannot work before to-morrow,  
Cayse de teardrop flow,  
I try to drive away my sorrow,  
Pickin' on de old banjo.  
Down in de cornfield,  
Hear dat mournful sound :  
All the darkeys am a weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground,

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.



O, BOYS, CARRY ME 'LONG.

OH ! carry me 'long ;  
Der's no more trouble for me ;  
I's guine to roam in a happy home,  
Where all de niggas am free.  
I've worked long in de fields ;  
I've handled many a hoe ;  
I'll turn my eye, before I die,  
And see de sugar-cane grow.  
Oh ! boys, carry me 'long ;  
Carry me till I die ;  
Carry me down to de buryin' groun',  
Massa, don't you cry.

All ober de land,  
I've wandered many a day ;  
To blow de horn, and mind de corn,  
And keep de possum away.  
No use for me now,  
So, darkies, bury me low ;  
My horn is dry, and I must lie,  
Wha de possum nebber can go.  
Oh ! boys, carry me 'long,  
Carry me till I die ;  
Carry me down to de buryin' groun',  
Massa, don't you cry.

Farewell to de boys,  
Wid hearts so happy and light,

Dey sing a song, de whole day long,  
 And dance de juba at night.  
 Farewell to de fields  
     Ob cotton, 'bacco, and all ;  
 I's guine to hoe, in a bressed row  
     Wha de corn grows mellow and tall.  
 Oh ! boys, carry me 'long,  
     Carry me till I die ;  
 Carry me down to de buryin' groun',  
     Massa, don't you cry.

Farewell to de hills,  
     De meadows covered wid green,  
 Old brindle Boss, and de old grey hoss,  
     All beaten, broken and lean.  
 Farewell to de dog,  
     Dat always followed me round ;  
 Old Sancho 'Il wail, and droop his tail,  
     When I am under de ground.  
 Oh ! boys, carry me 'long,  
     Carry me till I die ;  
 Carry me down to de buryin' groun',  
     Massa, don't you cry.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.  
 DE Massa ob de sheepfol',  
     Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,  
 Look' out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
     Whar' de long night rain begin ;—

So he call to de hirelin' shep'a'd,  
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"  
So he call to de hirelin' shep'a'd,  
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh, den says de hirelin' shep'a'd,  
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,  
An' some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,  
Dat can't come home ag'in,  
Dey is los'," says de hirelin' shep'a'd,—  
"But de res' dey's all brung in,  
Dey is los'," says de hirelin' shep'a'd,—  
"But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,  
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Whar' de long night rain begin;—  
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in."  
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in."

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
Tro' de col' night rain and win',  
And up tro' de gloomerin' rain-paf,  
Whar' de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,  
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.  
De po' los' sheep o' de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

SARAH P. McLEAN GREENE.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !  
 Touch not a single bough !  
 In youth it shelter'd me,  
 And I'll protect it now.  
 'Twas my forefather's hand  
 That placed it near his cot ;  
 There, woodman, let it stand,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,  
 Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea,  
 And wouldst thou hew it down ?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke !  
 Cut its earth-bound ties ;  
 Oh spare that aged oak,  
 Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy  
 I sought its grateful shade ;  
 In all their gushing joy  
 Here too my sisters play'd.  
 My mother kiss'd me here ;  
 My father press' my hand—  
 Forgive this foolish tear,  
 But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
 Close as thy bark, old friend !

Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree ! the storm still brave !  
And, woodman, leave the spot ;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

### THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my  
childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view !  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-  
wood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;  
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which  
stood by it,  
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell ;  
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.  
That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure ;  
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glow-  
ing !  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive  
it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave  
it,

Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

#### AT THE HEARTHSIDE.

THE children tucked away,  
His heartside bright and still,  
The farmer's frowns are all that say  
The day has brought him ill.

The wife—her work is done—  
Moves cheerily here and there ;  
The comforts gather, one by one,  
Around the easy chair.

Now, as a sunny brook  
Will woo the moody shore,  
She nears the gloomy chimney nook ;  
She hardly ventures more.

If he but lift his face—  
The hearth flames quicken, spring ;  
A yielding smile, his old embrace ;  
And wife and kettle sing.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

#### THE FARMER SAT IN HIS EASY CHAIR.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale old wife with busy care  
Was clearing the dinner away ;  
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes  
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face ;  
He thought how often her mother, dead,  
Had sat in the self-same place :  
As the tear stole from his half-shut eye—  
“ Don't smoke,” said the child ; “ how it makes you  
cry ! ”

The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the floor  
Where the shade after noon used to steal ;  
The busy old wife by the open door  
Was turning the spinning-wheel ;

And the old brass clock on the mantletree  
Had plodded along to almost three :

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,  
While close to his heaving breast  
The moisten'd brow and the cheek so fair  
Of his sweet grandchild were press'd ;  
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—  
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day.

CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

BEN BOLT.

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt ?  
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,  
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown ?  
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and alone,  
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,  
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
Which stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,  
And listened to Appleton's mill :  
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in,  
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you  
gaze,  
Has followed the olden din.



Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,  
At the edge of the pathless wood,  
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,  
Which nigh by the door-step stood ?  
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
The tree you would seek in vain ;  
And where once the lords of the forest waved,  
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
With the master so cruel and grim,  
And the shaded nook in the running brook,  
Where the children went to swim ?  
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,  
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things that I loved, Ben  
Bolt,  
They have changed from the old to the new ;  
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,  
There never was change in you.  
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends—yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,  
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

### THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it ; and who shall dare  
 To chide me from loving that old arm-chair ?  
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize ;  
 I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with  
                   sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;  
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
 Would ye learn the spell ?—a mother sat there ;  
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near  
 The hallow'd seat with listening ear ;  
 And gentle words that mother would give  
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
 She told me shame would never betide,  
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide ;  
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
 As I knelt beside the old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,  
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray :  
 And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,  
 And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her child.  
 Years roll'd on : but the last one sped—  
 My idol was shattered ; my earth-star fled ;  
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow ;  
'Twas there she nursed me ; 'twas there she died ;  
And Memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;  
But I love it, I love it ; and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

#### DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below ;  
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted  
The ruddy tints of health  
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure  
A hoarded volume drew,  
And cards were dropped from hands of listless  
leisure  
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered  
faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of " Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
 Was youngest of them all,—  
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
 A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
 Listened in every spray,  
 While the whole camp, with “Nell” on English  
 meadows,  
 Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o’ertaken  
 As by some spell divine—  
 Their cares dropped from them like the needles  
 shaken  
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire :  
 And he who wrought that spell ?—  
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story  
 Blend with the breath that thrills  
 With hop-vines’ incense all the pensive glory  
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
 And laural wreaths intwine,  
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—  
 This spray of Western pine.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

THE ENGINEER'S SIGNAL.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,  
That was the signal the engineer—

That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—  
Gave to his wife at Providence,  
As through the sleeping town, and thence,  
    Out in the night,  
    Out in the light,

Down past the farms, lying white, he sped ;

As a husband's greeting, scant no doubt,  
Yet to the woman looking out,  
Watching and waiting, no serenade,  
Love song or midnight roundelay,  
Said what that whistle seemed to say :

    " To my trust true,

    So, love, to you !

Working or waiting, Good-night ! " it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,  
Old commuters along the line,  
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,

    Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,  
Pierced through the shadows of Providence—

    " Nothing amiss

    Nothing—it is !

Only Guild calling his wife," they said,

Summer and winter, the old refrain  
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,

Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,  
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned  
Like living coals from the engine spurned,

Sang as it flew ;

" To our trust true,

First of all, duty—Good-night," it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more,  
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,  
And the folks in Providence smiled and said,  
As they turned in their beds, " The Engineer  
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."

One only knew,

To his trust true,

Guild lay under his engine, dead.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

### BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord :

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored :

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
swift sword :

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred  
circling camps ;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening  
dews and damps ;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps :  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows  
of steel :  
" As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my  
grace shall deal ;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,  
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment-seat :  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubi-  
lant, my feet !  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you  
and me :  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make  
men free,  
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE OLD FLAG.

OFF with your hat as the flag goes by !  
And let the heart have its say ;  
You're man enough for a tear in your eye  
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes  
To your very finger-tips—  
Ay ! the lump just then in your throat that rose  
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,  
And show him the faded shred—  
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky  
If Death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with Death has lain  
This twenty years and more ;—  
He died that the work should not be vain  
Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,  
And ragged his beard and gray,—  
But look at his eye fire young and bold,  
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,  
And strikes right into the heart ;—  
If ever it calls for *you*, boy, be there !  
Be there, and ready to start.



Off with your hat as the flag goes by !  
Uncover the youngster's head !  
Teach him to hold it holy and high,  
For the sake of its sacred dead.

H. C. BUNNER.

### OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky ;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar ;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more  
  
Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee ;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea !  
  
O, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave ;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the God of storms,—  
 The lightning and the gale !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### MONTEREY.

WE were not many,—we who stood  
 Before the iron sleet that day ;  
 Yet many a gallant spirit would  
 Give half his years if but he could  
 Have been with us at Monterey,  
  
 Now here, now there, the shot it hailed  
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
 Yet not a single soldier quailed  
 When wounded comrades round them wailed  
 Their dying shout at Monterey.  
  
 And on, still on our column kept,  
 Through walls of flame, its withering way ;  
 Where fell the dead, the living slept,  
 Still charging on the guns which swept  
 The slippery streets of Monterey.  
  
 The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
 When, striking where he strongest lay,  
 We swooped his flanking batteries past,  
 And, braving full their murderous blast,  
 Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play ;  
Where orange-boughs above their grave  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many,—we who pressed  
Beside the brave who fell that day ;  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest  
Than not have been at Monterey ?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power :  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard,  
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,  
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king ;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood  
On old Plataea's day ;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke :  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,  
“ To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! ”  
He woke, to die 'midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band :  
“ Strike, till the last arm'd foe expires ;  
Strike, for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike, for the green graves of your sires ;  
God and your native land ! ”

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;  
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah.  
And the red field was won ;

Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death,  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song, and dance and wine ;  
And thou art terrible—the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come, when his task of fame is wrought,  
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought,  
Come in her crowning hour, and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prison'd men ;

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land ;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,  
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her proud clime.  
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb.

But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved, and for a season gone ;  
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;  
For thee she rings the birth-day bells,  
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;  
For thine her evening prayer is said  
At palace couch and cottage bed ;  
Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives, for thy sake, a deadlier blow ;  
His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,

Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears ;  
And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
The memory of her buried joys,  
And even she who gave thee birth,  
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

### HAIL COLUMBIA.

HAIL, Columbia ! happy land !  
Hail, ye heroes ! heaven-born band !  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.  
Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost ;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.  
Firm—united—let us be,  
Rallying round our Liberty ;  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots ! rise once more ;  
 Defend your rights, defend your shore,  
     Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
     Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
 Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.  
     While offering peace sincere and just,  
     In Heaven we place a manly trust,  
     That truth and justice will prevail,  
     And every scheme of bondage fail.  
     Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame !  
 Let WASHINGTON'S great name  
     Ring through the world with loud applause,  
     Ring through the world with loud applause :  
 Let every clime to Freedom dear  
 Listen with joyful ear.  
     With equal skill, and godlike power,  
     He governs in the fearful hour  
     Of horrid war ; or guides with ease,  
     The happier times of honest peace.  
     Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,  
 Once more to serve his country, stands—  
     The rock on which the storm will beat,  
     The rock on which the storm will beat :  
 But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,  
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.



When Hope was sinking in dismay,  
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.  
Firm—united, &c.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O ! SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming ;  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the  
perilous fight  
On the ramparts we watched were so gallantly  
streaming ?  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in  
air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was  
still there ;  
O ! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave ?  
On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the  
deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes, [steep,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's beam ;  
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream,

'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it  
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'  
pollution;

No refuge can save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of death and the gloom of the  
grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave!

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's deso-  
lation;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven-  
rescued land,

Praise the power that has made and preserved  
us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust,"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,  
Though Heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory !

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder,  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle !

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

# DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
     He turned them into the river lane ;  
 One after another he let them pass,  
     Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
     He patiently followed their sober pace ;  
 The merry whistle for once was still,  
     And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said  
     He never could let his youngest go :  
 Two already were lying dead  
     Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
     And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
 Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
     And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat  
     With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
 Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
     And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
     And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;  
 And now, when the cows came back at night,  
     The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain ;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late :  
He went for the cows when the work was done ;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming, one by one—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—  
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue ;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again :  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are  
dumb :  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south, at break of day,  
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
 Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,  
 The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
 Telling the battle was on once more,  
     And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
 Thunder'd along the horizon's bar ;  
 And louder yet into Winchester roll'd  
 The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,  
 Making the blood of the listener cold,  
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
     And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
 A good broad highway leading down ;  
 And there, through the flush of the morning light,  
 A steed as black as the steeds of night  
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,  
 As if he knew the terrible need ;  
 He stretch'd away with his utmost speed ;  
 Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,  
     With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering  
     south,  
 The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,

Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and  
faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the  
master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their  
walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;  
Every nerve of the charger was strain'd to full  
play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.  
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;  
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told  
him both.  
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
He dash'd down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat check'd its course there,  
because  
The sight of the master compell'd it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was  
gray ;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play  
He seem'd to the whole great army to say,  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !  
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !  
And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,  
There with the glorious general's name  
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :  
" Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester—twenty miles away ! "

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

#### A SOUTH CAROLINA BOURBON—AET. 79.

RIDICULOUS to some may seem  
This relic of the old régime,  
So rudely wakened from his dream  
Of high ambition.  
A heart of nature's noblest mould,  
By honor tempered and controlled ;  
Oh, look not in a soul so bold  
For mock contrition.



For when the die of war was cast,  
And through the land the bugle blast  
Called all to arms from first to last  
    For Carolina ;  
Careless of what might be his fate  
He gave his all to save the State :  
He thought, thinks now (strange to relate)  
    No cause diviner.

Of name and lineage proud, he bore  
The character 'mongst rich and poor,  
Which marks now, as in days of yore,  
    The Huguenot.  
Two hundred slaves were in his train,  
Six thousand acres' broad domain—  
(His ancestors in fair Touraine  
    Had no such lot.)

He feared and worshipped God, and then  
Women, for whom, with tongue and pen,  
He used all safeguards in his ken  
    Without pretence.  
Fearless of men as old John Knox,  
He practised customs heterodox,  
Believing duels women's rocks  
    Of strong defence.

He loved and wooed in early days ;  
She died. And he her memory pays  
The highest tribute. For with ways  
    And views extreme,

He, 'gainst stern facts and common sense,  
To the whole sex (to all intents)  
Transferred the love and reverence  
Of life's young dream.

Perhaps too easy life he led ;  
Four hours a-field and ten a-bed,  
His other times he talked and read,  
Or else made merry,  
With many planter friend to dine,  
His health to drink in fine old wine,  
Madeira which thrice crossed the line,  
And Gold-leaf Sherry.

And here was mooted many a day,  
The question on which each gourmet  
Throughout the Parish had his say ;  
Which is the best  
Santee, or Cooper River, bream ?  
Alas ! the evening star grew dim,  
'Ere any guest agreed with him,  
Or he with guest.

\* \* \* \* \*

The war rolled on, and many a friend  
And kinsman whom he helped to send  
Our home and country to defend,  
Home ne'er returned.  
What harder lot could now befall !  
Threats could not bend nor woes appall,  
Unmoved, he saw his father's hall  
To ashes burned,

And now to live within his means  
He dons his grey Kentucky Jeans ;  
(His dress in other times and scenes  
    Was drap d'été).  
His hat is much the worse for wear,  
His shoes revamped from year to year ;  
For calf-skin boots are all too dear,  
    We hear him say.

So life drags on as in a trance ;  
No *émigré* of stricken France,  
No Jacobite of old romance  
    Of sterner mould.  
His fortune gone, his rights denied,  
For him the Federal Union died  
When o'er Virginia's line the tide  
    Of battle rolled.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Loyal je serai durant ma vie ;"  
So runs his motto, and naught cares he  
For the Nation that rules o'er land and sea  
    And tops the world.  
Under the shadow he lives and waits  
'Till the angels open the pearly gates,  
For his hopes went down with the Southern  
    States  
    And the flag that's furled.

YATES SNOWDEN.

## THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belch'd its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon:  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory:  
Each heart recall'd a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,

Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burn'd  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learn'd  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rain'd on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honor'd rest  
Your truth and valor wearing:  
The bravest are the tenderest,—  
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(Abraham Lincoln, died April 15, 1865.)

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we  
sought is won;  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim  
and daring;

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER.

'Tis but a little faded flower,  
 But oh, how fondly dear!  
 'Twill bring me back one golden hour,  
 Through many a weary year;  
 I may not to the world impart  
 The secret of its power,  
 But treasured in my inmost heart,  
 I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that does not keep,  
 Within its inmost core,  
 Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,  
 Of days that are no more?  
 Who hath not saved some trifling thing  
 More prized than jewels rare—  
 A faded flower, a broken ring,  
 A tress of golden hair?

ELLEN CLEMINTINE HOWARTH.

THE OLD BEAU.

How cracked and poor his laughter rings,  
 How dulled his eye, once flashing warm,  
 But still a courtly pathos clings  
 About his bent and withered form.

To-night, where mirth with music dwells,  
 His wrinkled cheek, his locks of snow,

Gleam near the grandsons of the belles  
He smiled on forty years ago !

We watch him here, and half believe  
Our gaze may witness, while he prates,  
Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve  
And tell him that the carriage waits.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

### THE TEA-GOWN.

My lady has a tea-gown  
That is wondrous fair to see,—  
It is flounced and ruffed and plaited and puffed,  
As a tea-gown ought to be ;  
And I thought she must be jesting  
Last night at supper when  
She remarked, by chance, that it came from  
France,  
And had cost but two pounds ten.

Had she told me fifty shillings,  
I might (and wouldn't you ?)  
Have referred to that dress in a way folks express  
By an eloquent dash or two ;  
But the guileful little creature  
Knew well her tactics when  
She casually said that that dream in red  
Had cost but two pounds ten.

Yet our home is all the brighter  
For the dainty, sentient thing,

That floats away where it properly may,  
 And clings where it ought to cling;  
 And I count myself the luckiest  
 Of all us married men  
 That I have a wife whose joy in life  
 Is a gown at two pounds ten,  
  
 It isn't the gown compels me  
 Condone this venial sin;  
 It's the pretty face above the lace,  
 And the gentle heart within.  
 And with her arms about me  
 I say, and say again,  
 " 'Twas wondrous cheap,"—and I think a heap  
 Of that gown at two pounds ten!

EUGENE FIELD.

#### HER FIRST TRAIN.

MUSES and Graces appear!  
 Fountain Pierian flow!  
 Greuze in the spirit be near!  
 Aid me, O shades of Watteau!  
 Ancients and Moderns a-row,  
 Strike me your worthiest strain,  
 Little my theme do I know—  
 'Tis the young lady's First Train.

Ah! in my heart there is fear,  
 Chill in its coming as snow;  
 She who approacheth me here,  
 Stately and sweeping and slow—



Could I have romped with her ? No.  
This Duchess ? Oh, dream most profane !  
All that was decades ago—  
'Tis the young lady's First Train.

How shall I suit her ? It's clear  
Battledoor, racquet, and bow,  
Barred are and banned. In this sphere  
Certes I'm somewhat *de trop* ;  
Still, we accustomed may grow,  
Standing-ground common regain,  
Even if—presage of woe !—  
'Tis the young lady's First Train.

*L'ENVOI.*

Comrades, to friend and to foe,  
Thus my changed bearing explain.  
Say ! " If aught's turned him a beau,  
'Tis the young lady's First Train."

A. E. WATROUS.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow ;  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down to snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
Where a little headstone stood ;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying : " Father, who makes it snow ? "  
And I told of the good All-Father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered :  
" The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

" MY mother says I must not pass  
Too near that glass ;  
She is afraid that I will see  
A little witch that looks like me,  
With a red, red mouth to whisper low  
The very thing I should not know ! "

" Alack for all your mother's care !  
A bird of the air,  
A wistful wind, or (I suppose,  
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,  
With breath too sweet, will whisper low  
The very thing you should not know ! "

SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT.

#### THE DOORSTEP...

THE conference-meeting through at last,  
We boys around the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping past  
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he who leaps the wall  
By level musket-flashes litten,

Than I, that stepped before them all  
 Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm !  
 We let the old folks have the highway,  
 And started toward the Maple Farm  
 Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
 'Twas nothing worth a song or story ;  
 Yet that rude path by which we sped  
 Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
 The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;  
 By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
 Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff,—  
 O sculptor, if you could but mould it !—  
 So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
 To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—  
 'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.  
 At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
 Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;  
 Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,  
 We heard the voices nearer come,  
 Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,  
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,  
But I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister,  
But somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth,—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,  
O listless woman, weary lover!  
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

E. C. STEDMAN.

#### A SNOW FLAKE.

ONCE he sang of summer,  
Nothing but the summer;  
Now he sings of winter,  
Of winter bleak and drear;  
Just because there's fallen  
A snow-flake on his forehead,  
He must go and fancy  
'Tis winter all the year.

T. B. ALDRICH.

CANDOR.

OCTOBER—A WOOD.

" I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,  
 And she stood up looking uncommonly tall ;  
 " You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,  
 And say you're sorry the summer's dead.  
 And no other summer was like it, you know,  
 And can I imagine what made it so ?  
 Now are n't you, honestly ? " " Yes," I said.

" I know what you're going to say," she said ;  
 " You are going to ask if I forget  
 That day in June when the woods were wet,  
 And you carried me"—here she dropped her  
 head—  
 " Over the creek ; you are going to say,  
 Do I remember that horrid day.  
 Now are n't you, honestly ? " " Yes," I said.

" I know what you're going to say," she said ;  
 " You are going to say that since that time  
 You have rather tended to run to rhyme,  
 And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew  
 red—  
 " And have I noticed your tone was queer ?—  
 Why, everybody has seen it here !—  
 Now, are n't you, honestly ? " " Yes," I said.

" I know what you're going to say," I said ;  
 " You're going to say you've been much annoyed,  
 And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—

And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,  
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,  
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.  
Now are n't you, honestly?"

"Ye-es," she said.

H. C. BUNNER.

### FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

FIVE little white heads peeped out of the mold,  
When the dew was damp and the night was  
cold ;  
And they crowded their way through the soil with  
pride ;  
"Hurrah ! We are going to be mushrooms !"   
they cried.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down,  
And the little white heads were withered and  
brown ;  
Long were their faces, their pride had a fall—  
They were nothing but toad-stools, after all.

WALTER LEARNED.

### "ONE, TWO, THREE!"

IT was an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy that was half-past three ;  
And the way that they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could he ;  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,  
Out under the maple-tree ;  
And the game that they played I'll tell you,  
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,  
Though you'd never have known it to be—  
With an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his one little sound right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding,  
In guesses One, Two, Three !

" You are in the china-closet ! "  
He would cry, and laugh with glee—  
It wasn't the china-closet ;  
But he had Two and Three.

" You are up in Papa's big bedroom,  
In the chest with the queer old key ! "  
And she said : " You are *warm* and *warmer* ;  
But you're not quite right," said she.

" It can't be the little cupboard  
Where Mamma's things used to be—



So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,  
That were wrinkled and white and wee,  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,  
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,  
Right under the maple-tree—  
This old, old, old, old lady,  
And the boy with the lame little knee—  
This dear, dear, dear old lady,  
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. BUNNER.

#### WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY.

WHEN the little boy ran away from home,  
The birds in the tree top knew,  
And they all sang; "Stay!" but he wandered  
away  
Under the skies of blue.  
And the wind came whispering from the tree,  
"Follow me, follow me!"  
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet  
And scattered the roses before his feet  
That day, that day  
When the little boy ran away.

The violets whispered, "Your eyes are blue  
And lovely and bright to see,  
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,  
So dwell in the light with me."  
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee  
Sang; "Follow me, follow me!"  
And the wind called the clouds from their home  
in the skies  
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"  
That day, that day  
When the little boy ran away.

Then the wind played leapfrog over the hills  
And twisted each leaf and limb;  
And all the rivers and all the rills  
Were foaming mad with him.  
And 'twas dark as the darkest night could be,  
But still came the wind's voice, "Follow me!"  
And over the mountain and up from the hollow  
Came echoing voices with, "Follow him, follow!"  
That awful day  
When the little boy ran away.

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go, let me  
go!"  
For a scared, scared boy was he.  
But the thunder growled from a black cloud,  
"No!"  
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"  
And an old gray owl from a tree-top flew,  
Saying: "Who are you-oo?"

Who are you-oo ? ”  
And the little boy sobbed, “ I’m lost away,  
And I want to go home where my parents stay.”  
Oh, the awful day  
When the little boy ran away !

Then the moon looked out from a cloud and said :  
“ Are you sorry you ran away ?  
If I light you home to your trundle bed,  
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay ? ”  
And the little boy promised—and cried and cried—  
He would never leave his mother’s side,  
And the moonlight led him over the plain ;  
And his mother welcomed him home again.  
But, oh, what a day  
When the little boy ran away !

ANONYMOUS.

#### LITTLE BOPEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE.

It happened one morning that Little Bopeep,  
While watching her frolicsome, mischievous sheep  
Out in the meadow, fell fast asleep.

By her wind-blown tresses and rose-leaf pout,  
And her dimpling smile, you’d have guessed, no  
doubt

’Twas love, love, love she was dreaming about.

As she lay there asleep came Little Boy Blue,  
Right over the stile where the daisies grew ;  
Entranced by the picture he stopped in the dew.

So wildly bewitching that beautiful morn  
Was Little Bopeep that he dropped his horn  
And thought no more of the cows in the corn.

Our sorrows are many, our pleasures are few ;  
O moment propitious ! What could a man do ?  
He kissed the wee lassie, that Little Boy Blue !

At the smack the woolies stood all in a row,  
And whispered each other, " We're clearly *de trop* ;  
Such conduct is perfectly shocking—let's go ! "

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

#### WHY MOTHER IS PROUD.

LOOK in his face, look in his eyes—  
Roguish, and blue, and terribly wise—  
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see  
When mother comes in as tired as can be ;  
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair ;  
Quickest to get to the top of the stair ;  
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek  
Would help her far more than to chatter—to  
speak—

Look in his face, and guess, if you can,  
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this ;  
You can see yourself in her tender kiss,  
But why ? Well, of all her dears  
There is scarcely one who ever hears

The moment she speaks, and jumps to see  
What her want or her wish might be :  
Scarcely one. They all forget,  
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet ;  
But this she knows, if her boy is near,  
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,  
And kisses him first, and kisses him last ;  
And he holds her hand, and looks in her face,  
And hunts for her spool which is out of its place,  
And proves that he loves her whenever he can :  
That is why she is proud of her little man.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

#### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands ;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

" Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
" And don't you make any noise !"  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song  
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—  
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
 But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
 Each in the same old place,  
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
 The smile of a little face.  
 And they wonder, as waiting these long years  
 through,  
 In the dust of that little chair,  
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD.

#### COUSIN FLOY.

Now mind, Miss Grey, your name to-night  
 Is Marie Antoinette;  
 You've been promoted, just for once,  
 To wear a crown, my pet.  
 And pray remember who you are,  
 Be stately, proud and fair,  
 And let no curious folks suspect  
 That you are stuffed with hair.

It isn't every doll that's let  
 Go to a masquerade;  
 To dance and have ice-cream and cake  
 And nuts and lemonade.

You'll meet distinguished folks, my dear ;  
Kings, queens and courtiers gay ;  
But bear in mind and don't let on  
That it is only play.

And come away before daylight,  
And tell me all the news ;  
Don't notice clown nor pantaloons,  
And don't run down your shoes.  
Don't dance with any common dolls,  
But be discreet, my lamb ;  
You might, if it should happen right,  
Just bring me home some jam.

One thing I must insist upon,  
And don't forget it, please :  
You're not to flirt the least wee bit,  
No, not a bit—don't tease.  
For many a doll that once was gay  
And light of heart, my pet,  
Has in a cold ash-barrel found  
The fate of a coquette.

Do you remember Cousin Floy ?  
Why, yes ; of course you do ;  
We loved her dearly, didn't we ?  
She made a hat for you.  
She was so pretty and so sweet,  
But flirted, mamma said ;  
I don't exactly understand,  
I only know she's dead.

She went away—I can't just think  
 Whatever made her go.  
 You needn't cry because I do—  
 But then I loved her so.  
 Before she went her dear, sweet face  
 Grew so extremely white—  
 I guess we won't play masquerade.  
 Now go to sleep. Good-night.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

### CRADLE SONG.

THE crickets in the corner sing,  
 O'er farm and field the shadows creep,  
 Their homeward way the swallows wing,  
 The sun is setting in the deep.  
 The squirrels seek their leafy hold,  
 The fox is in his hollow tree,  
 And, huddled in the silent fold,  
 The drowsy lambkins sleeping be.  
 The little bird within his nest  
 Hath hid his little head in rest.  
 And soon, oh, soon  
 The dreamy moon  
 Will sail along the fleecy west ;  
 The day is done,  
 The night begun,  
 So sleep, my drowsy little one.

But when at peep of day we see  
 The spider weaving at his loom,



The soaring lark above the lea,  
The bee amid the clover bloom ;  
When frisking baby squirrels wake  
And sip the leaves of morning dew,  
When baby foxes from the brake  
Do prow! the thorny hedges through,  
When on the meadows sweet with hay  
The white and curly lambkins play,  
And, fresh and cool,  
O'er plain and pool,  
Bloweth the breeze of coming day,  
Thou, too shall rise  
To sunny skies,  
And open wide thy baby eyes.

ROWAN STEPHENS.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

COME, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,  
Your head like the golden-rod,  
And we will go sailing away from here  
To the beautiful Land of Nod.  
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,  
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,  
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,  
Where roses are always in bloom.  
  
Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,  
Your hands like the leaf of a rose,  
And we will go sailing to those fair lands  
That never an atlas shows.

On the North and the West they are bounded by  
rest,  
On the South and the East by dreams ;  
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,  
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,  
Those eyes like a bright blue-bell,  
And we will sail out under starlit skies,  
To the land where the fairies dwell.  
Down the river of sleep, our barque shall sweep,  
Till it reaches that mystical Isle  
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,  
And there we will pause awhile.  
I will croon you a song as we float along,  
To that shore that is blessed of God.  
Then ho ! for that fair land, we're off for that rare  
land,  
That beautiful Land of Nod.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

#### BABY'S DREAMS.

WHEN, while he slumbers on my knee, soft  
gleams,  
As bright as broken sunbeams upon grass,  
Over the blossom of his pure lips pass,  
I wonder what it is that baby dreams.

Do memories visit him of some glad place  
Butterfly-haunted, halcyon with flowers,  
Where once, before he found this earth of  
ours,  
He walked with glory filling his sweet face?

Or is it that those dreaming eyes foresee  
The future still unlive*d*, the unfashioned years,  
The happiness whose glowing brow appears  
Through the vague vista of things yet to be?

But ah, if he beheld the future so,  
Foreshadowed by some wizardry of sleep,  
The smiles that now across his pink mouth  
creep  
Would never, never come to it, I know.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

### LITTLE MAMMA.

WHY is it the children don't love me  
As they do mamma?  
That they put her ever above me—  
"Little mamma"?  
I'm sure I do all that I can do.  
What more can a rather big man do,  
Who can't be mamma—  
Little mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,  
"Logomachy,"—which I detest,—

Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or base-ball,  
I'm always on hand at the call.  
When Noah and the others embark,  
I'm the elephant saved in the ark.  
I creep, and I climb, and I crawl—  
By turns am the animals all.

For the show on the stair  
I'm always the bear,  
The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo.  
It is never, "Mamma,—  
*Little* mamma,—  
Won't you?"

My umbrella's the pony, if any—  
None ride on mamma's parasol:  
I'm supposed to have always the penny  
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.  
My room is the one where they clatter—  
Am I reading, or writing, what matter!  
My knee is the one for a trot,  
My foot is the stirrup for Dot.  
If his fractions get into a snarl  
Who straightens the tangles for Karl?  
Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,  
And tries to bound flimsy old Spain?

Why,  
It is I,  
Papa,—  
Not little mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.  
I think they love me—in a way—

As one does the old clock on the stairs,—  
Any curious, cumbrous affair  
That one's used to having about,  
And would feel rather lonely without.  
I think that they love me, I say,  
In a sort of a tolerant way ;  
    But it's plain that papa  
    Isn't little mamma.

Thus when shadows come stealing anear,  
And things in the firelight look queer ;  
When shadows the play-room enwrap,  
They never climb into my lap  
And toy with *my* head, smooth and bare,  
As they do with mamma's shining hair ;  
Nor feel round my throat and my chin  
For dimples to put fingers in ;  
Nor lock my neck in a loving vise,  
And say they're "mousies"—that's mice—  
    And will nibble my ears,  
    Will nibble and bite  
With their little mice-teeth, so sharp and so white,  
If I do not kiss them this very minute—  
Don't-wait-a-bit-but-at-once-begin-it.—  
    Dear little papa !  
    That's what they say and do to mamma.

If, mildly hinting, I quietly say that  
Kissing's a game that more can play at,  
They turn up at once those innocent eyes,

And I suddenly learn to my great surprise

That my face has "prickles"—

My moustache tickles.

If storming their camp, I seize a pert shaver,

And take as a right what was asked as a favor,

It is, "O papa,

How horrid you are—

You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout,

And make a pretence of driving me out,

I hold, after all, the main redoubt,—

Not by force of arms nor the force of will,

But the power of love, which is mightier still.

And very deep in their hearts, I know,

Under the saucy and petulant "oh,"

The doubtful "yes," or the naughty "no,"

They love papa.

And down in the heart that no one sees,

Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,

I know that I would not abate one jot

Of the love that is held by my little Dot

Or my great big boy for their little mamma,

Though out in the cold it crowded papa.

I would not abate it the tiniest whit,

And I am not jealous the least little bit ;

For I'll tell you a secret : Come, my dears,

And I'll whisper it—right-into-your-ears—

I too love mamma,

Little mamma !

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy !  
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride !  
Barefoot trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood ;

How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine :  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans !  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks ;  
Hand in hand with her he walks ;  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

Oh for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone ;



Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides !  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too ;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

Oh for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread ;  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude !  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch : pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !

Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like the colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil :  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground ;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### THE LEAVES AND THE WIND.

" COME little leaves," said the wind one day,  
" Come o'er the meadows with me and play ;  
Put on your dresses of red and gold,  
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,  
Down they came fluttering, one and all ;  
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,  
Singing the soft little songs that they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long!  
Little brook, sing us your farewell song!  
Say you are sorry to see us go;  
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know."

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,  
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;  
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;  
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;  
Winter had called them, and they were content.  
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,  
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

#### CONSOLATION.

WHEN Molly came home from the party to-night,—  
The party was out at nine,—  
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes  
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,  
With her face on my shoulder hid,  
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)  
That they didn't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee,—  
I am old and exceedingly wise,—  
And I said, "My dear, now listen to me;  
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

" This world is a difficult world, indeed,  
    And people are hard to suit,  
And the man who plays on the violin  
    Is a bore to the man with the flute.

" And I myself have often thought,  
    How very much better 'twould be,  
If every one of the folks that I know  
    Would only agree with me.

" But since they will not, the very best way  
    To make this world look bright  
Is, never to mind what people say  
    But to do what you think is right."

WALTER LEARNED.

#### A LIFE LESSON.

THERE ! little girl ; don't cry !  
    They have broken your doll, I know ;  
        And your tea-set blue,  
        And your play-house, too,  
Are things of the long ago ;  
        But childish troubles will soon pass by.  
        There ! little girl ; don't cry !

There ! little girl ; don't cry !  
    They have broken your slate, I know ;  
        And the glad, wild ways  
        Of your school-girl days

Are things of the long ago ;  
But life and love will soon come by.  
There ! little girl ; don't cry !

There ! little girl ; don't cry !  
They have broken your heart, I know ;  
And the rainbow gleams  
Of your youthful dreams  
Are things of the long ago ;  
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.  
There ! little girl ; don't cry !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

#### THE LOST KISS.

I PUT away the half-written poem,  
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,  
Writes on,—“ Had I words to complete it,  
Who'd read it, or who'd understand ? ”  
For the little bare feet on the stairway,  
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,  
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,  
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken  
The tear-faded thread of my theme,  
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,  
A fairy broke in on my dream ;  
A little inquisitive fairy—  
My own little girl, with the gold  
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy  
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—  
“ For was it a moment like this,”  
I said, “ when she knew I was busy,  
To come romping in for a kiss ?—  
Come rowdying up from her mother,  
And clamoring there at my knee  
For ‘ one ‘ittle kiss for my dolly,  
And one ‘ittle uzzer for me ! ’ ”

God pity the heart that repelled her,  
And the cold hand that turned her away !  
And take, from the lips that denied her  
This answerless prayer of to-day !  
Take, Lord, from my mem’ry forever  
That pitiful sob of despair,  
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,  
And the one piercing cry on the stair !

I put by the half-written poem,  
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,  
Writes on—“ Had I words to repeat it,  
Who’d read it, or who’d understand ? ”  
But the little bare feet on the stairway,  
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,  
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,  
Cry up to me over it all.

JAMES W. RILEY.

THE BOY TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

YOU'VE quizzed me often and puzzled me long  
You've asked me to cypher and spell,  
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong,  
Or a dolt if I failed to tell  
Just when to say *lie* and when to say *lay*,  
Or what nine sevens may make,  
Or the longitude of Kamschatka Bay,  
Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake,  
So I think it's about *my* turn, I do,  
To ask a question or so of you.

The schoolmaster grim he opened his eyes,  
But said not a word for sheer surprise.

Can you tell what "phen-dubs" means? I can.  
Can you say all off by heart  
The "onery twoery ickery ann,"  
Or tell "alleys" and "commons" apart?  
Can *you* fling a top, I would like to know,  
Till it hums like a bumble-bee?  
Can you make a kite yourself that will go  
'Most as high as the eye can see,  
Till it sails and soars like a hawk on the wing,  
And the little birds come and light on its string?

The schoolmaster looked, oh! very demure,  
But his mouth was twitching, I'm almost sure.

Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings,  
 Or the color its eggs may be ?  
 Do you know the time when the squirrel brings  
 Its young from their nest in the tree ?  
 Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to  
 drop,  
 Or where the best hazel-nuts grow ?  
 Can you climb a high tree to the very tip-top,  
 Then gaze without trembling below ?  
 Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,  
 Or do anything else we boys call fun ?  
 The master's voice trembled as he replied,  
 " You are right, my lad, I'm the dunce," he sighed.

E. J. WHEELER.

#### A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

" WHY, Bob, you dear old fellow,  
 Where have you been these years ?  
 In Egypt, India, Khiva,  
 With the Khan's own volunteers ?  
 Have you scaled the Alps or Andes,  
 Sailed to Isles of Amazons ?  
 What climate, Bob, has wrought the change  
 Your face from brown to bronze ? "  
 She placed a dimpled hand in mine  
 In the same frank, friendly way ;  
 We stood once more on the dear old beach,  
 And it seemed but yesterday



Since, standing on this same white shore,  
She said, with eyelids wet,  
"Good-bye. You may remember, Bob,  
But I shall not forget."

I held her hand and whispered low,  
"Madge, darling, what of the years—  
The ten long years that have intervened  
Since, through the mist of tears,  
We said good-bye on the same white beach  
Here by the murmuring sea?  
You, Madge, were then just twenty,  
And I was twenty-three."

A crimson blush came to her cheek,  
"Hush, Bob," she quickly said;  
"Let's look at the bathers in the surf—  
There's Nellie and Cousin Ned."  
"And who's that portly gentleman  
On the shady side of life?"  
"Oh, he belongs to our party, too—  
In fact, Bob, I'm his wife!

"And I tell you, Bob, it's an awful thing,  
The way he does behave:  
Flirts with that girl in steel-gray silk—  
Bob, why do you look so grave?"  
"The fact is, Madge—I—well, ahem!  
Oh, nothing at all, my dear—  
Except that she of the steel-gray silk  
Is the one I married last year."

MARC COOK.

### AFTER THE COWS.

" HIGH time, high time the cows were home ;  
 Will lingerin' Jinny never come ? "  
 The father stroked his grizzly head ;  
 The mother, slowly sewing, said,  
     " Put one and one together :  
     The bars slip hard in rainy weather.

" Now, mother, do you mean to say  
 We've had a smitch o' rain to-day ? "  
 A little quicker passed the thread,  
 As quietly good mother said,  
     " Put one and one together :  
     The cows climb high in sunny weather."

" In rain or shine, will Brindle climb  
 Too high to come at milkin'-time ? "  
 Good mother smoothed her sewing down.  
 " When this was my new Sunday gown,  
     Put lad and lass together,  
     ' Twas love, not cows, in any weather."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

### A KISS IN THE RAIN.

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet  
 A lassie in the town ;  
 Her locks were like the ripened wheat,  
 Her laughing eyes were brown.

I watched her as she tripped along  
Till madness filled my brain,  
And then—and then—I know 'twas wrong—  
I kissed her in the rain !

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,  
Like dew-drops on a rose,  
The little lassie strove to speak  
My boldness to oppose ;  
She strove in vain, and quivering  
Her fingers stole in mine ;  
And then the birds began to sing,  
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,  
My heart is light below ;  
'Tis always summer when we love,  
However winds may blow ;  
And I'm as proud as any prince,  
All honors I disdain :  
She says I am her *rain beau* since  
I kissed her in the rain.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

### FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! It is no sorrowful word,  
It never has had a pang for me.  
Sweet as the last song of a bird,  
Soft as a wind-swell from the sea,  
The word Farewell.

I part with you as oft before  
 I've parted with dear friends and sweet,  
 And now I shake, for evermore,  
 Your memory's gold dust from my feet,  
 Farewell ! Farewell !

Soon I shall find a new sweet face,  
 And other eyes as pure and strong  
 As yours are now, and then a space  
 Of life that ripples into song,  
 And then, farewell !

Farewell ! Farewell ! Throw me a kiss !  
 How fast the distance grows between !  
 Now memory fades—a film of bliss,  
 A far-off mist of silvery sheen :  
 Good-bye ! Farewell !

MAURICE THOMPSON.

### THE KING AND THE POPE.

THE King and the Pope together  
 Have written a letter to me :  
 It is signed with a golden sceptre,  
 It is sealed with a golden key.  
 The King wants me out of his eyesight :  
 The Pope wants me out of his See.

The King and the Pope together  
Have a hundred acres of land :  
I do not own the foot of ground  
On which my two feet stand :  
But the prettiest girl in the kingdom  
Strolls with me on the sand.

The King has a hundred yeomen  
Who will fight for him to-day :  
The Pope has priests and bishops  
Who for his soul will pray :  
I have only one true sweetheart,  
But she'll kiss me when I say.

The King is served at his table  
By ladies of high degree :  
The Pope has never a true love,  
So a cardinal pours his tea :  
No ladies stand round me in waiting,  
But my sweetheart sits by me,

And the King with his golden sceptre,  
The Pope with Saint Peter's key,  
Can never unlock the one little heart  
That is open only to me.  
For I am the Lord of a Realm,  
And I am a Pope of a See ;  
Indeed I'm supreme in the kingdom  
That is sitting just now on my knee !

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

# RAGS AND ROBES.

"HARK, hark !  
 The dogs do bark ;  
 Beggars are coming to town ;  
 Some in rags,  
 Some in tags,  
 And some in velvet gowns !"

Coming, coming always !  
 Crowding into earth ;  
 Seizing on this human life,  
 Beggars from the birth.

Some in patent penury ;  
 Some, alas ! in shame ;  
 And some in fading velvet  
 Of hereditary fame ;

But all in deep, appeaseless want,  
 As mendicants to live ;  
 And go beseeching through the world,  
 For what the world may give.

Beggars, beggars, all of us !  
 Expectants from our youth ;  
 With hands outstretched, and asking alms  
 Of Hope and Love and Truth.

Nor, verily, doth he escape  
 Who, wrapt in cold contempt,  
 Denies alike to give or take,  
 And dreams himself exempt ;

Who never, in appeal to man,  
Nor in a prayer to Heaven,  
Will own that aught he doth desire,  
Or ask that aught be given.

Whose human heart a stoic pride  
Folds as a velvet pall ;  
Yet hides a meagreness within,  
Worse beggary than all !

\* \* \* \* \*

Coming, coming always !  
And the bluff Apostle waits  
As the throng pours upward from the earth  
To Heaven's eternal gates.

In shreds of torn affection  
In passion-rended rags ;  
While scarcely at the portal  
The great procession flags ;

For the pillar'd doors of glory  
On their hinges hang awide ;  
Where each asking soul may enter,  
And at last be satisfied !

But a cold, calm shade arriveth,  
In self-complacent trim,—  
And Peter riseth up to see  
Especially to him.

“ Good morrow, saint ! I'm going in  
To take a stroll, you know ;  
Not that I *want* for anything,—  
But just to see the show ! ”

"Hold!" thunders out the warden,  
 "Be pleased to pause a bit!  
 For seats celestial, let me say,  
 You're not apparelled fit:  
*Yonder's* the brazen door that leads  
 Spectators to the pit!

"Whatever may be thought on earth,  
 We've other rules in heaven;  
 And only poverty confessed  
 Finds free admittance given!"

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

### HUMPTY DUMPTY.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall;  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:  
 Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men  
 Could set Humpty Dumpty up again."

Full many a project that never was hatched  
 Falls down, and gets shattered beyond being  
 patched;  
 And luckily, too! for if all came to chickens,  
 Then things without feathers might go to the  
 dickens.

If each restless unit that moves among men  
 Might climb to a place with the privileged "ten,"  
 Pray tell us where all the commotion would stop!  
 Must the whole pan of milk, forsooth, rise to the  
 top?

If always the statesman attained to his hopes,  
 And grasped the great helm, who would stand by  
 the ropes?



Or if all dainty fingers their duties might choose,  
Who would wash up the dishes, and polish the  
shoes ?

Suppose every aspirant writing a book  
Contrived to get published, by hook or by crook ;  
Geologists then of a later creation  
Would be startled, I fancy, to find a formation  
Proving how the poor world did most woefully sink  
Beneath mountains of paper, and oceans of ink !

Or even suppose all the women were married ;  
By whom would superfluous babies be carried ?  
Where would be the good aunts that should knit  
all the stockings ?

Or nurses, to do up the singings and rockings ?  
Wise spinsters, to lay down their wonderful rules,  
And with theories rare to enlighten the fools,—  
Or to look after orphans, and primary schools ?

No ! Failure's a part of the infinite plan ;  
Who finds that he can't, must give way to who  
can ;

And as one and another drops out of the race,  
Each stumbles at last to his suitable place.

So the great scheme works on,—though like eggs  
from the wall,

Little single designs to such ruin may fall,  
That not the world's might, of its horses or men,  
Could set their crushed hopes at the summit again.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

## THE CAPTAIN.

SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,  
And muttered of his hardships :—" I have been  
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide  
Has dashed me on the sawyer ;—I have sailed  
In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge  
Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast  
Of Labrador ; and I have scraped my keel  
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas—  
And often in my cold and midnight watch,  
Have heard the warning voice of the lee-shore  
Speaking in breakers ! Ay, and I have seen  
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows ;  
And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,  
Have swung into its vortex ; and I know  
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,  
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart ;  
—But never yet upon the stormy wave,  
Or where the river mixes with the main,  
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,  
In all the rough experience of harm,  
Met I—a Methodist meeting-house !

Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,  
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern !  
It comes in such a "questionable shape,"  
I cannot even speak it ! Up jib, Josey,  
And make for Bridgeport ! There, where Strat-  
ford Point,

Long-Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,  
Are safe from such encounters, we'll protest !  
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,  
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,  
Riding at anchor, by a Meeting-house."

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

"LE DERNIER JOUR D'UN CONDAMNÉ."

OLD coat, for some three or four seasons

We've been jolly comrades, but now

We part, old companion, forever ;

To fate, and the fashion, I bow.

You'd look well enough at a dinner,

I'd wear you with pride at a ball ;

But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding—

My own—and you'd not do at all.

You've too many wine-stains about you,

You're scented too much with cigars,

When the gas-light shines full on your collar

It glitters with myriad stars,

That wouldn't look well at my wedding ;

They'd seem inappropriate there—

Nell doesn't use diamond powder,

She tells me it ruins the hair.

You've been out on Cozzen's piazza

Too late, when the evenings were damp,

When the moon-beams were silvering Cro'nest,

And the lights were all out in the camp.

You've rested on highly-oiled stairways  
Too often, when sweet eyes were bright,  
And somebody's ball dress—not Nellie's—  
Flowed 'round you in rivers of white.

There's a reprobate looseness about you ;  
Should I wear you to-night, I believe,  
As I come with my bride from the altar,  
You'd laugh in your wicked old sleeve,  
When you felt there the tremulous pressure  
Of her hand, in its delicate glove,  
That is telling me shyly, but proudly,  
Her trust is as deep as her love.

So, go to your grave in the wardrobe,  
And furnish a feast for the moth,  
Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secrets  
To younger, more innocent cloth.  
'Tis time to put on your successor—  
It's made in a fashion that's new ;  
Old coat, I'm afraid it will never  
Sit as easily on me as you.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

#### ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THE night was thick and hazy  
When the "Piccadilly Daisy"  
Carried down the crew and Captain in the sea ;  
And I think the water drowned 'em,  
For they never, never found 'em,  
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh, 'twas very sad and lonely  
When I found myself the only  
Population on this cultivated shore ;  
But I've made a little tavern  
In a rocky little cavern,  
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking  
For a girl to do my cooking,  
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews ;  
But I had that fellow Friday  
Just to keep the tavern tidy,  
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden  
That I'm cultivating lard in,  
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry ;  
For I live on toasted lizards,  
Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,  
And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,  
And it made me fret and worry  
When I found the moths were eating off the hair ;  
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,  
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,  
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion  
In a family excursion  
With the few domestic animals you see ;

And we take along a carrot  
As refreshments for the parrot,  
And a little cup of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel  
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,  
And we chip off little specimens of stone,  
And we carry home as prizes  
Funny bugs of handy sizes,  
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy,  
We remain at home and study,  
For the Goat is very clever at a sum—  
And the Dog instead of fighting,  
Studies ornamental writing,  
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,  
And we rise again at seven ;  
And I wish to call attention, as I close,  
To the fact that all the scholars  
Are correct about their collars,  
And particular in turning out their toes.

CHAS. EDWARD CARRYL.

#### LOVE UNDER THE LEDGER.

LOVE knock'd one night, at a Gentleman's heart,  
When his passions were snug asleep ;  
But they all jumped up, with a terrible start,  
All heels over head, in a heap.  
All heels over head, in a heap.

Says the gentleman—this will never do,  
You'll ruin me, Love, you will,  
My Creditors now, look Devilish blue,  
And as sharp as the end of my quill,  
And my heart is so full of the girls you've brought,  
I can't 'tend to business at all, as I ought.

When I go to enter a price in my book,  
Some pretty girl enters my head,  
And gives me such a bewildering look,  
I write down her name, in its stead.  
My ledger is marked with Miss P. and Miss C.,  
O Love, you're playing the Devil with me.

Says Love, with a giggle, come, dear sir,  
Let me chuck but the image of this girl in,  
There's room in your heart, I know, for her,  
See the poor thing, how pale and thin—  
And Sympathy took at the lady a peep,  
And tumbled the others, all out in a heap,  
All heels over head, in a heap.

M'DONALD CLARKE.

### OLD GRIMES.

OLD Grimes is dead ; that good old man  
We never shall see more :  
He used to wear a long, black coat,  
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true ;  
His hair was some inclined to gray—  
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,  
His breast with pity burn'd ;  
The large, round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all ;  
He knew no base design :  
His eyes were dark and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true :  
His coat had pocket-holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes  
He pass'd securely o'er,  
And never wore a pair of boots  
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown :  
He wore a double-breasted vest—  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
And pay it its desert :  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffles on his shirt.



His neighbors he did not abuse—  
Was sociable and gay :  
He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
He did not bring to view,  
Nor made a noise, town-meeting days,  
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
In trust to fortune's chances,  
But lived (as all his brothers do)  
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,  
His peaceful moments ran ;  
And everybody said he was  
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

#### THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,  
And he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
'Ere the pruning knife of Time  
Cut him down,

Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
So sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom ;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady ! she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff ;  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here ;  
But the old, three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches,—and all that,  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree,  
In the spring—  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take  
One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse ;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,  
And counting up your gains ;  
A fellow jumps from out a bush  
And takes your horse's reins,  
Another hints some words about  
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends  
In such a lonely spot ;  
It's very hard to lose your cash,  
But harder to be shot ;  
And so you take your wallet out,  
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—  
Some filthy creature begs ;  
You'll hear about the cannon-ball  
That carried off his pegs,  
And says it is a dreadful thing  
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
His children to be fed,  
Poor, little, lovely innocents,  
All clamorous for bread,—  
And so you kindly help to put  
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat  
Beneath a cloudless moon ;  
You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune,  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a crack'd bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,  
There's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum ;

You sit in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home" should seem to be  
A very dismal place ;  
Your "Auld acquaintance," all at once,  
Is altered in the face ;  
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
Like hedgehogs dress'd in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.

But, hark ! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound ;  
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—  
A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves  
A fracture in your jaw,  
And pay the owner of the bear,  
That stunn'd you with his paw,  
And buy the lobster, that has had  
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,  
 Put on your fiercest frown,  
 And talk about a constable  
 To turn them out of town ;  
 Then close your sentence with an oath,  
 And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,  
 Not big enough for that,  
 Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
 Because you are a flat,  
 Go very quietly and drop  
 A button in the hat !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### ON LENDING A PUNCH BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine,—it tells of good  
 old times,  
 Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christ-  
 mas times ;  
 They were a free and jovial race, but honest,  
 brave, and true,  
 That dipped their ladle in the punch when the old  
 bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the  
 ancient tale ;  
 'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose  
 arm was like a flail ;

And now and then, between the strokes, for fear  
his strength should fail,  
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old  
Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please  
his loving dame,  
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing  
for the same ;  
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was  
found,  
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed  
smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puri-  
tan divine,  
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little  
wine,  
But hated punch and prelacy ; and so it was, per-  
haps,  
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles  
and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next—it  
left the Dutchman's shore,  
With those that in the Mayflower came—a hun-  
dred souls and more—  
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new  
abodes—  
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hun-  
dred loads.

'Twas on a merry winter's eve, the night was closing dim,  
 When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim,  
 The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,  
 And all his sturdy men at arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in—the man that never feared—  
 He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard :  
 And one by one the musketeers, the men that fought and prayed,  
 All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid !

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew ;  
 He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo ;  
 And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,  
 " Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin."

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows ;  
 A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose ;



When once again the bowl was filled, but not in  
mirth or joy ;  
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her  
parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said ; " 'twill do you good—  
poor child, you'll never bear  
This working in the dismal trench, out in the mid-  
night air ;  
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 'twould  
keep away the chill."  
So John *did* drink—and well he wrought that night  
at Bunker's Hill !

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old  
English cheer ;  
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its  
symbol here ;  
'Tis but the fool that loves excess—hast thou a  
drunken soul,  
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver  
bowl !

I love the memory of the past—its pressed yet  
fragrant flowers—  
The moss that clothes its broken walls—the ivy on  
its towers—  
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed—my eyes  
grow moist and dim,  
To think of all the vanished joys that danced  
around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight  
to me ;  
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the  
liquid be ;  
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from  
the sin,  
That dooms me to those dreadful words—" My  
dear, where *have* you been ? "

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### BEFORE THE CURFEW.

1829—1882.

NOT bed-time yet ! The night-winds blow,  
The stars are out,—full well we know  
The nurse is on the stair,  
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,  
And frozen lips that whisper low,  
" Come, children, it is time to go  
My peaceful couch to share."

No years a wakeful heart can tire ;  
Not bed-time yet ! Come, stir the fire  
And warm your dear old hands ;  
Kind Mother Earth we love so well  
Has pleasant stories yet to tell  
Before we hear the curfew bell ;  
Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet ! We long to know  
What wonders time has yet to show,  
What unborn years shall bring ;  
What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,  
What lessons Science waits to teach,  
What sermons there are left to preach,  
What poems yet to sing.

What next ? we ask ; and is it true  
The sunshine falls on nothing new,  
As Israel's king declared ?  
Was ocean ploughed with harnessed fire ?  
Were nations coupled with a wire ?  
Did Tarshish telegraph to Tyre ?  
How Hiram would have stared !

And what if Sheba's curious queen,  
Who came to see,—and to be seen,—  
Or something new to seek,  
And swooned, as ladies sometimes do,  
At sights that thrilled her through and through  
Had heard, as she was "coming to,"  
A locomotive's shriek,

And seen a rushing railway train  
As she looked out along the plain  
From David's lofty tower,—  
A mile of smoke that blots the sky  
And blinds the eagles as they fly  
Behind the cars that thunder by  
A score of leagues an hour !

See to my *fiat lux* respond  
This little slumbering fire-tipped wand,—  
    One touch,—it bursts in flame !  
Steal me a portrait from the sun,—  
One look,—and lo ! the picture done !  
Are these old tricks, King Solomon,  
    We lying moderns claim ?

Could you have spectroscoped a star ?  
If both those mothers at your bar,  
    The cruel and the mild,  
The young and tender, old and tough,  
Had said, “ Divide,—you’re right, though rough,”—  
Did old Judea know enough  
    To etherize the child ?

These births of time our eyes have seen,  
With but a few brief years between ;  
    What wonder if the text,  
For other ages doubtless true,  
For coming years will never do,—  
Whereof we all should like a few  
    If but to see what next.

If such things have been, such may be ;  
Who would not like to live and see—  
    If Heaven may so ordain—  
What waifs undreamed of, yet in store,  
The waves that roll forevermore  
On life’s long beach may cast ashore  
    From out the mist-clad main ?

Will Earth to pagan dreams return  
To find from misery's painted urn  
That all save hope has flown,—  
Of Book and Church and Priest bereft,  
The Rock of Ages vainly cleft,  
Life's compass gone, its anchor left,  
Left,—lost,—in depths unknown?

Shall Faith the trodden path pursue  
The *crux ansata* wearers knew  
Who sleep with folded hands,  
Where, like a naked, lidless eye,  
The staring Nile rolls wondering by  
Those mountain slopes that climb the sky  
Above the drifting sands?

Or shall a nobler Faith return,  
Its fanes a purer gospel learn,  
With holier anthems ring,  
And teach us that our transient creeds  
Were but the perishable seeds  
Of harvests sown for larger needs  
That ripening years shall bring?

Well, let the present do its best,  
We trust our Maker for the rest,  
As on our way we plod;  
Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,  
Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,  
The daisies better than their roots  
Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet ! The full-blown flower  
Of all the year—this evening hour—  
    With friendship's flame is bright ;  
Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,  
Though fields are brown and woods are bare,  
And many a joy is left to share  
    Before we say Good-night !

And when, our cheerful evening past,  
The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,  
    Ere on her lap we lie  
In wearied nature's sweet repose,  
At peace with all her waking foes,  
Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,  
    Good-night ! and not Good-by !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

#### THE INCONSISTENT SEX.

"DEAR baby spoke to-day," she cried,  
    "He said 'Mamma' as plain as plain could be ;  
And it was sweet his dimpled smile to see,  
    And sweet his gurgling baby laugh to hear.  
Come quick ! Perhaps he will again. The dear !  
And, Oh ! I am so happy !

"Baby is growing big so fast ;  
And Oh,"—the sudden tears gushed to her eyes—  
    "He'll speak, and walk, and grow so big and wise;  
And love another best, and woo, and wed,  
And have no longer need of me," she said,  
    "And I am so unhappy ! "

JOHN LANGDON HEATON.

"'SPACIALLY JIM."

I WAS mighty good-lookin' when I wus young,  
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,  
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,  
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,  
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim ;  
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the  
crowd,  
'Spacially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,  
An' I wouldn't take stock in him !  
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,  
'Spacially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'  
( 'Spacially Jim ! )  
I made up my mind I'd settle down  
An' take up with him.

So we wus married one Sunday in church,  
'Twas crowded full to the brim ;  
'Twas the only way, to git rid of 'em all,  
'Spacially Jim.

BESSIE MORGAN.

**A FEARED OF A GAL.**

OH, darn it all !—afeared of her,  
And such a mite of a gal ;  
Why, two of her size rolled into one  
Won't ditto sister Sal !  
Her voice is sweet as the whippoorwill's,  
And the sunshine's in her hair ;  
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,  
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.  
Yet Sal says, " Why, she's such a dear,  
She's just the one for you."  
Oh, darn it all !—afeared of a gal,  
And me just six feet two !

Though she ain't any size, while I'm  
Considerable tall,  
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,  
She makes me feel so small.  
My face grows red, my tongue gets hitched ;  
The cussed thing won't go ;  
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think  
I'm most tarnation slow.  
And though folks say she's sweet on me,  
I guess it can't be true.  
Oh, darn it all !—afeared of a gal,  
And me just six feet two !

My sakes ! just s'pose if what the folks  
Is saying should be so !



Go, Cousin Jane, and speak to her,  
Find out and let me know ;  
Tell her the gals should court the men,  
For isn't this leap-year ?  
That's why I'm kind of bashful like,  
A waiting for her here ;  
And should she hear I'm scared of her,  
You'll swear it can't be true.  
Oh, darn it all !—afear'd of a gal,  
And me just six feet two !

ANON.

### SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light  
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,  
With hue as red as the rosy bed  
Which a bee would choose to dream in.  
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,  
To loves as gay and fleeting  
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
And break on the lips while meeting.

O ! if Mirth might arrest the flight  
Of Time through Life's dominions,  
We here a while would now beguile  
The graybeard of his pinions,  
To drink to-night, with hearts as light,  
To loves as gay and fleeting  
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,  
 Nor fond regret delay him,  
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,  
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,  
     We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,  
     To loves as gay and fleeting  
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
     And break on the lips while meeting.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

### A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
     The seeming paragon ;  
 To whom the better elements  
     And kindly stars have given  
 A form so fair, that, like the air,  
     'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
     Like those of morning birds,  
 And something more than melody  
     Dwells ever in her words ;  
 The coinage of her heart are they,  
     And from her lips each flows  
 As one may see the burden'd bee  
     Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
The measures of her hours ;  
Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
The freshness of young flowers ;  
And lovely passions, changing oft,  
So fill her, she appears  
The image of themselves by turns,—  
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
A picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain ;  
But memory, such as mine of her,  
So very much endears,  
When death is nigh my latest sigh  
Will not be life's but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon,—  
Her health ! and would on earth there stood  
Some more of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

THE Summer comes and the Summer goes ;  
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,  
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,  
Then, all of a sudden—it snows.

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,  
So lightly we heed the flying hours.  
We only know Winter is gone—by the flowers,  
We only know Winter is come—by the snow.

T. B. ALDRICH.

ACROSS THE FIELDS TO ANNE.

How often in the summer-tide,  
His graver business set aside,  
Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,  
As to the pipe of Pan  
Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride  
Across the fields to Anne !

It must have been a merry mile,  
This summer stroll by hedge and stile,  
With sweet foreknowledge all the while  
How sure the pathway ran  
To dear delights of kiss and smile,  
Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day,  
I wot, they let him go his way,  
Nor once looked up, as who would say :

"It is a seemly man."

For many lads went wooing aye  
Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look ;  
Mayhap they whispered to the brook :  
"The world by him shall yet be shook,  
It is in nature's plan ;  
Though now he fleets like any rook  
Across the fields to Anne."

And I am sure, that on some hour  
Coquetting soft 'twixt sun and shower,  
He stooped and broke a daisy-flower  
With heart of tiny span,  
And bore it as a lover's dower  
Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed  
She plucked a jasmine's goodlihed, e,  
To scent his jerkin's brown instead ;  
Now since that love began,  
What luckier swain than he who sped  
Across the fields to Anne ?

The winding path whereon I pace,  
The hedgerows green, the summer's grace,  
Are still before me face to face ;  
Methinks I almost can  
Turn poet and join the singing race  
Across the fields to Anne !

RICHARD BURTON.

### THE WAY OF IT.

THE wind is awake, pretty leaves, pretty leaves,  
Heed not what he says ; he deceives, he deceives :

Over and over

To the lowly clover

He has lisped the same love (and forgotten it, too)  
He will soon be lisping and pledging to you.

The boy is abroad, pretty maid, pretty maid,  
Beware his soft words ; I'm afraid, I'm afraid :

He has said them before

Times many a score,

Ay, he died for a dozen ere his beard pricked  
through,

And the very same death he will die for you.

The way of the boy is the way of the wind,  
As light as the leaves is dainty maid-kind ;

One to deceive,

And one to believe—

That is the way of it, year to year ;  
But I know you will learn it too late, my dear.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

### THE WEDDING-DAY.

Sweetheart, name the day for me  
When we two shall wedded be.  
Make it ere another moon,  
While the meadows are in tune,

And the trees are blossoming,  
And the robins mate and sing.  
Whisper, love, and name a day  
In the merry month of May.

No, no, no,  
You shall not escape me so !  
Love will not forever wait ;  
Roses fade when gathered late.

Fie, for shame, Sir Malcontent !  
How can time be better spent  
Than in wooing ? I would wed  
When the clover blossoms red,  
When the air is full of bliss,  
And the sunshine like a kiss.  
If you're good I'll grant a boon :  
You shall have me, sir, in June.

Nay, nay, nay,  
Girls for once should have their way !  
If you love me, wait till June :  
Rosebuds wither picked too soon.

E. C. STEDMAN.

### TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
At what age does Love begin ?  
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
Summers three, my fairy queen,

But a miracle of sweets,  
Soft approaches, sly retreats,  
Show the little archer there,  
Hidden in your pretty hair ;  
When didst learn a heart to win ?  
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin !

" Oh ! " the rosy lips reply,  
" I can't tell you if I try.  
'Tis so long I can't remember :  
Ask some younger lass than I ! "

Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face,  
Do your heart and head keep pace ?  
When does hoary Love expire,  
When do frosts put out the fire ?  
Can its embers burn below  
All that chill December snow ?  
Care you still soft hands to press,  
Bonny heads to smooth and bless ?  
When does Love give up the chase ?  
Tell, oh tell me, Grizzle-Face !

" Ah ! " the wise old lips reply,  
" Youth may pass, and strength may die ;  
But of Love I can't foretoken :  
Ask some older sage than I ! "

E. C. STEDMAN.



PROPOSAL.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,  
The cowslip loves the lea,  
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,  
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,  
The stars they kiss the sea,  
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,  
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,  
The lily's bride o' the bee ;  
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,—  
Shall I wed thee ?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE LOVE KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied her raven ringlets in ;  
But not alone in its silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill ;  
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy peach-color'd face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
That ever imprison'd a romping curl,  
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill ;  
Madder, merrier, chillier still  
The western wind blew down, and play'd  
The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
To play such tricks with her floating hair ?  
To gladly, gleefully do your best  
To blow her against the young man's breast,  
Where he as gladly folded her in ;  
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin ?

Ah, Ellery Vane, you little thought,  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin !

NORA PERRY.

HER BONNET.

WHEN meeting-bells began to toll,  
And pious folk began to pass,  
She deftly tied her bonnet on,  
The little, sober meeting lass,  
All in her neat, white-curtained room, before her  
tiny looking-glass.

So nicely, round her lady-cheeks,  
She smoothed her bands of glossy hair,  
And innocently wondered if  
Her bonnet did not make her fair—  
Then sternly chid her foolish heart for harboring  
such fancies there.

So square she tied the satin strings,  
And set the bows beneath her chin ;  
Then smiled to see how sweet she looked ;  
Then thought her vanity a sin,  
And she must put such thoughts away before the  
sermon should begin.

But, sitting 'neath the preachèd Word,  
Demurely in her father's pew,  
She thought about her bonnet still,—  
Yes, all the parson's sermon through,—  
About its pretty bows and buds which better than  
the text she knew.

Yet sitting there with peaceful face,  
The reflex of her simple soul,  
She looked to be a very saint—  
And maybe was one, on the whole—  
Only that her pretty bonnet kept away the aureole.

MARY E. WILKINS.

### GOOD NIGHT.

Good night ! Good night ! Ah, good the night  
That wraps thee in its silver light,  
Good night ! No night is good for me  
That does not hold a thought of thee.  
Good night !

Good night ! Be every night as sweet  
As that which made our love complete,  
Till that last night when death shall be  
One brief " Good night ! " for thee and me.  
Good night !

ANONYMOUS.

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